

DOLL MAN

NOVEMBER No.19

10¢

*IS FITTED
for a
CEMENT
COFFIN!*

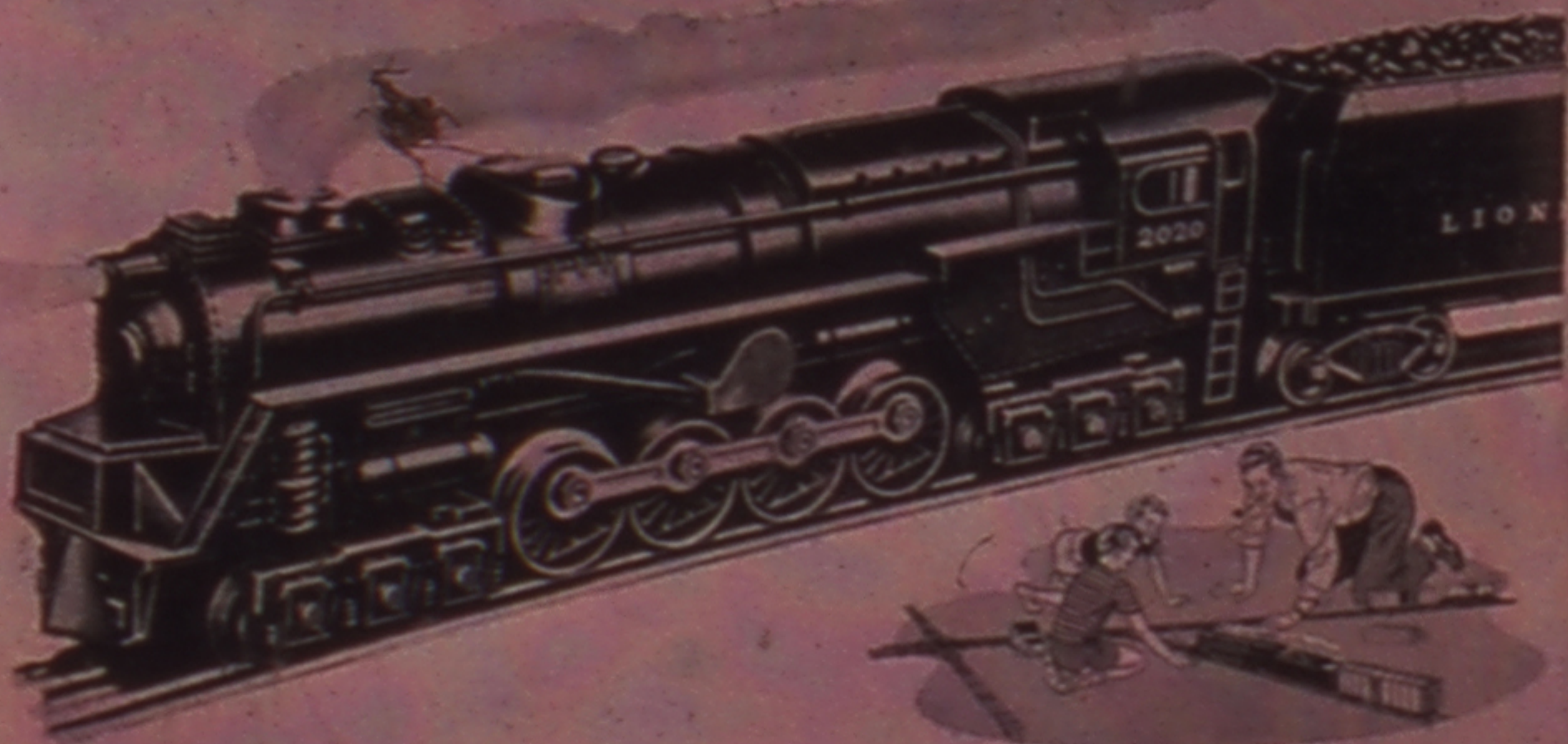
STILL 52 PAGES





WEB COMIC
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Real SMOKE!—Real WHISTLE!

Have you seen the new LIONEL Trains? Go to your favorite store and see them soon! Magnificent new LOCOS—including the famous Santa Fe and N. Y. Central DIESELS! Beauties! Ask to see the new conveyor type log loader, and the brand new coal elevator! See the new stream-lined passenger cars! Begin this Christmas to add new items to your LIONEL model railroad. LIONEL Train Sets priced as low as \$15.95.



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I enclose 10c. Please send me the new Lionel Full Color Catalog right away.

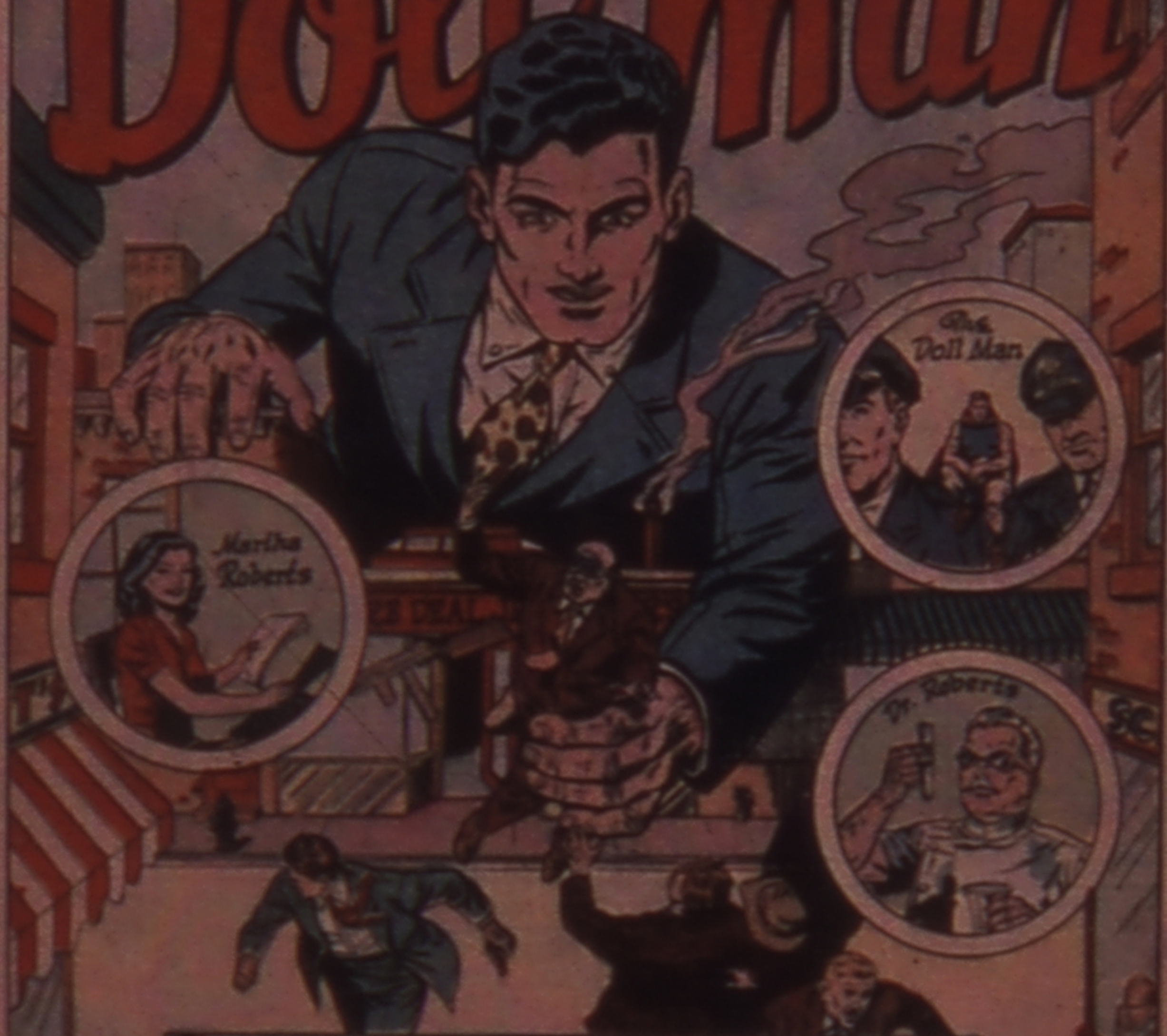
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LIONEL TRAINS

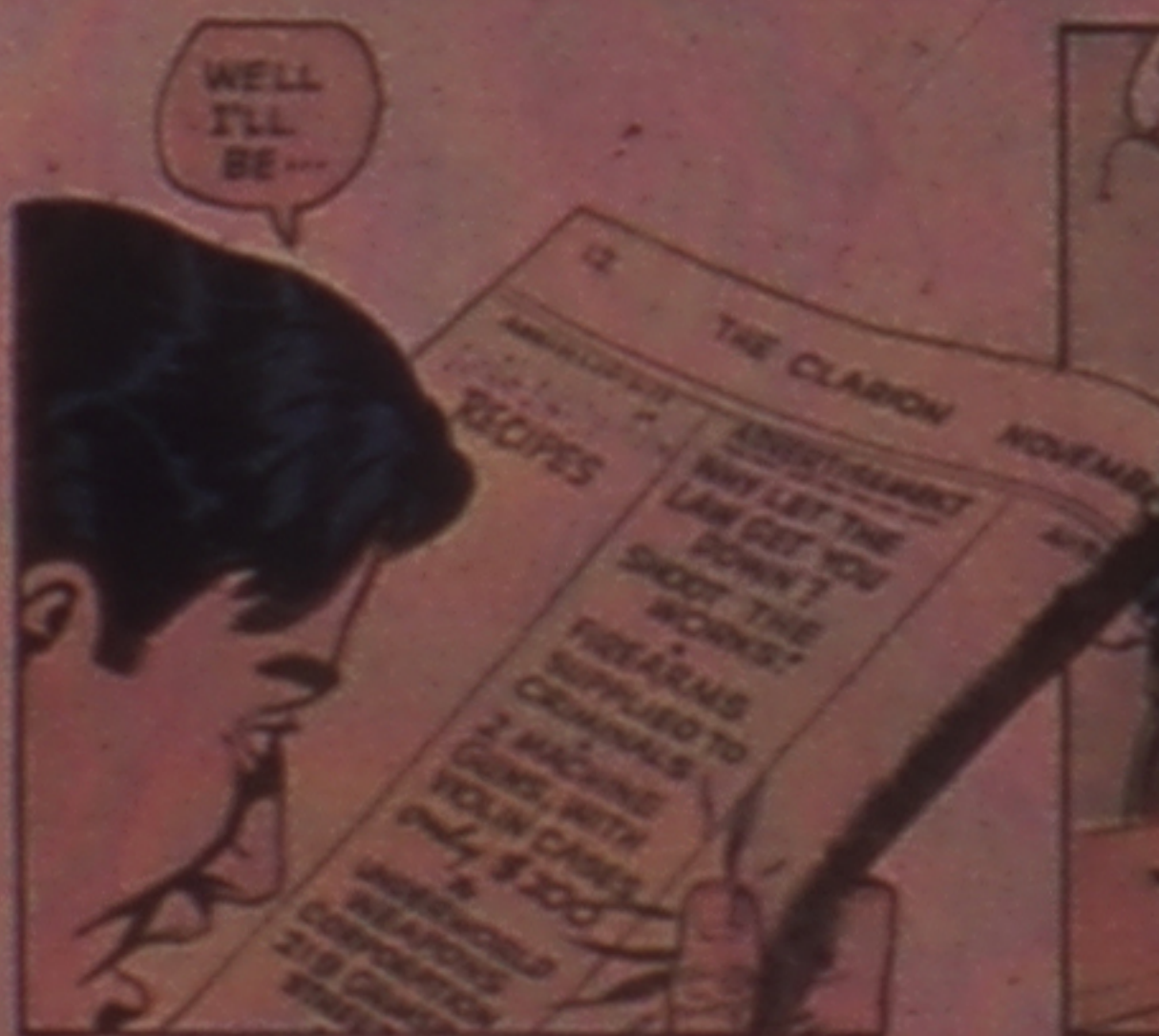
THE DOLL MAN



By an immense effort of will, Darrel Dane, a mild-mannered young scientist, can compress the molecules of his body to midget size—until he has transformed himself into DOLL MAN, the miniature menace to all evildoers! Only Dr. Roberts and his daughter Martha, Darrel's fiancée, know that Doll Man and Darrel Dane are one and the same!

This time the young scientist and his midget alter-ego are forced to change places countless times to capture an arch-criminal and his henchmen!

In the classified advertising department of a large newspaper--



THIS IS WHERE 219
OUGHT TO BE... AN
EMPTY LOT, HALF
UNDER WATER!



AND NOBODY HERE
EXCEPT ONE PASSER-
BY! BUT WAIT A
MINUTE!



THE CIGARETTE THAT MAN
THREW AWAY HADN'T EVEN
BEEN LIT! OUT OF
CURIOSITY, I MIGHT
AS WELL PICK IT
UP!



OOOH!

THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT
TO GO SNOOPIN' AROUND,
PAL!

CRACK!



GOOD WORK, ART!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL
ROLLIN' YOUR OWN!

LET'S GET GOIN, SNIFFY!
WE'LL TAKE THIS LUG
BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!



At the gang's headquarters...

THERE HE IS,
BOSS! WE CAUGHT
HIM NOSING AROUND
219 GRIMSBY
STREET!

HE WON'T
TROUBLE US
FOR LONG!

MY HEAD!
WHERE AM
I?

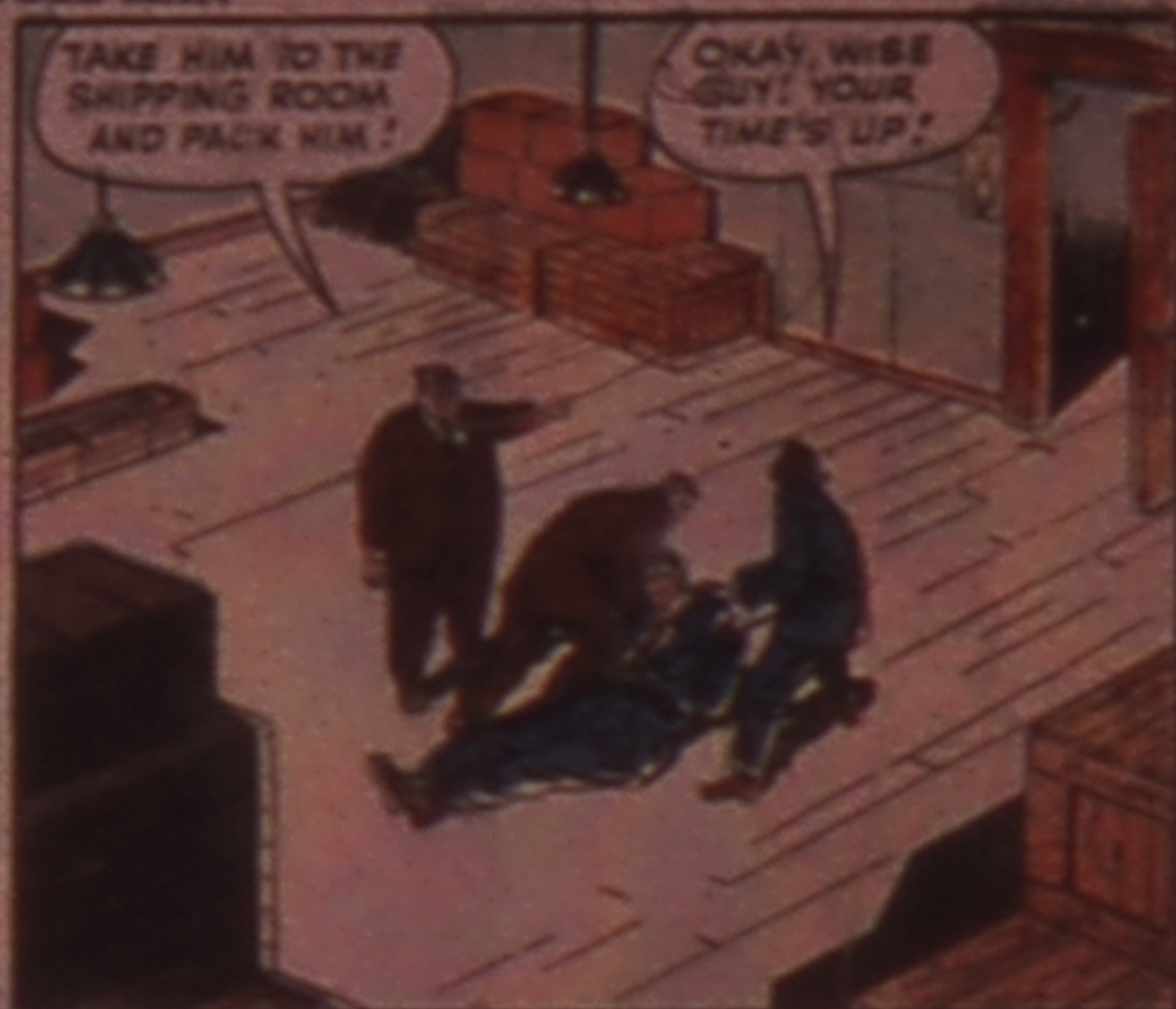


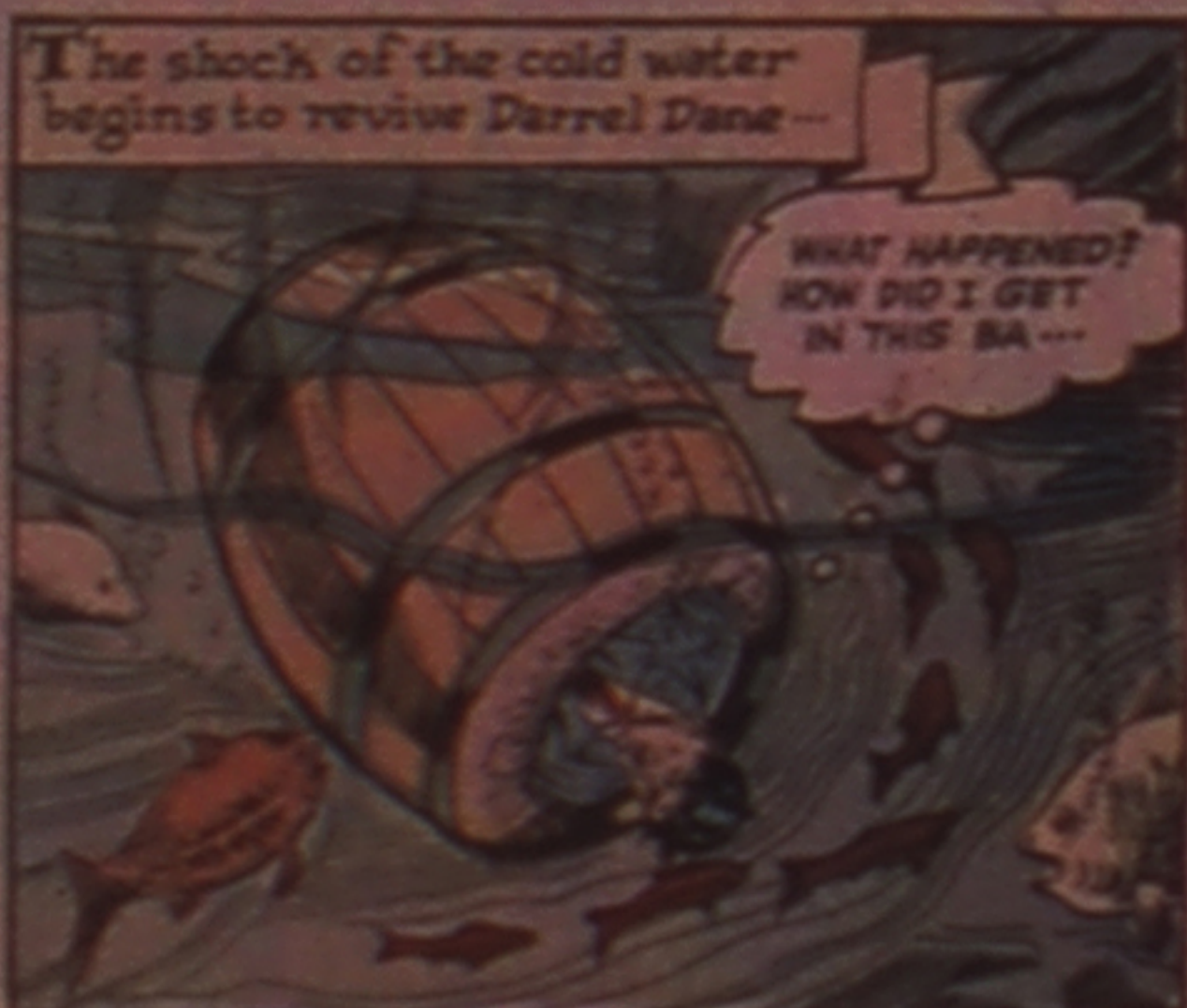
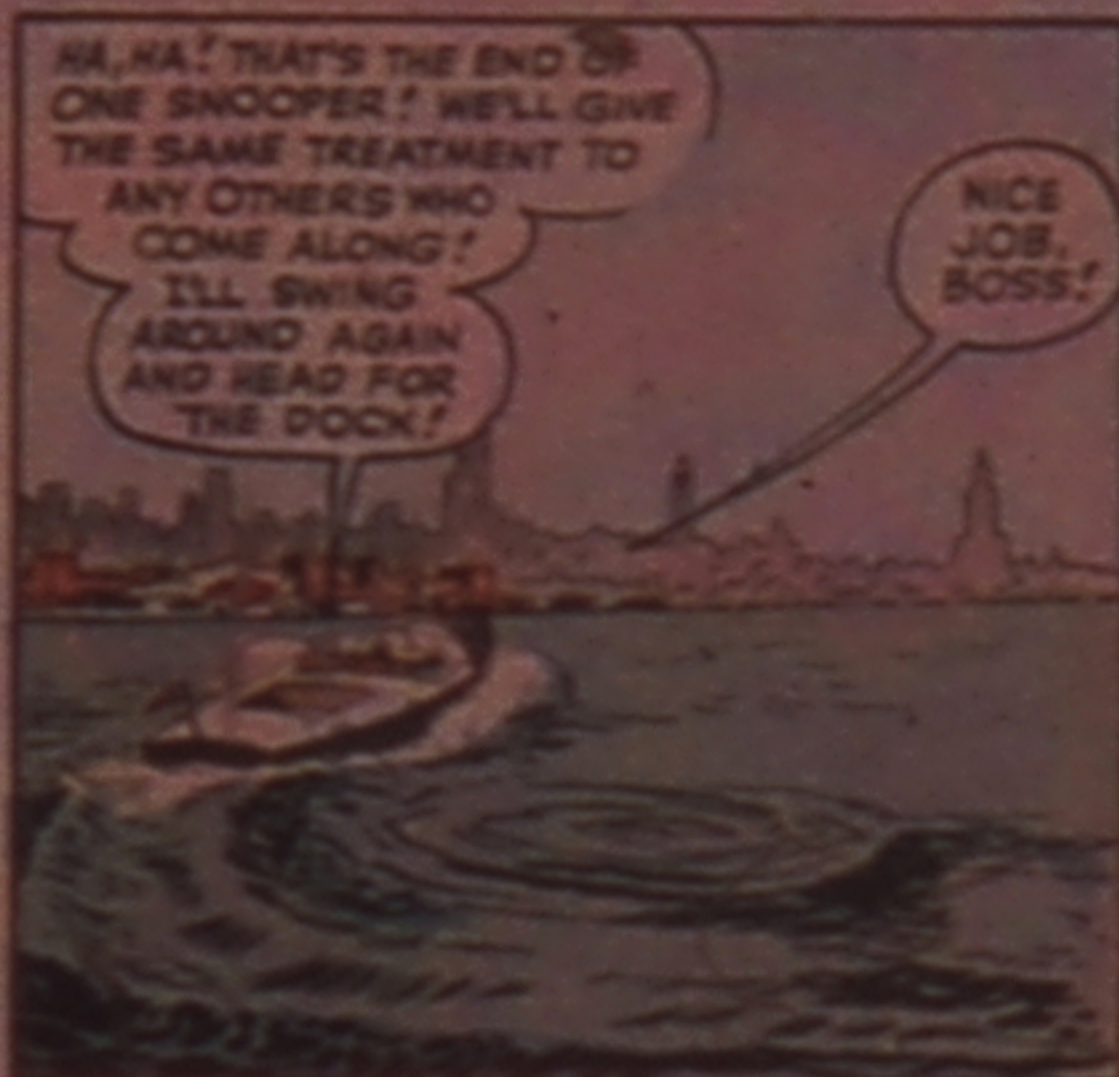
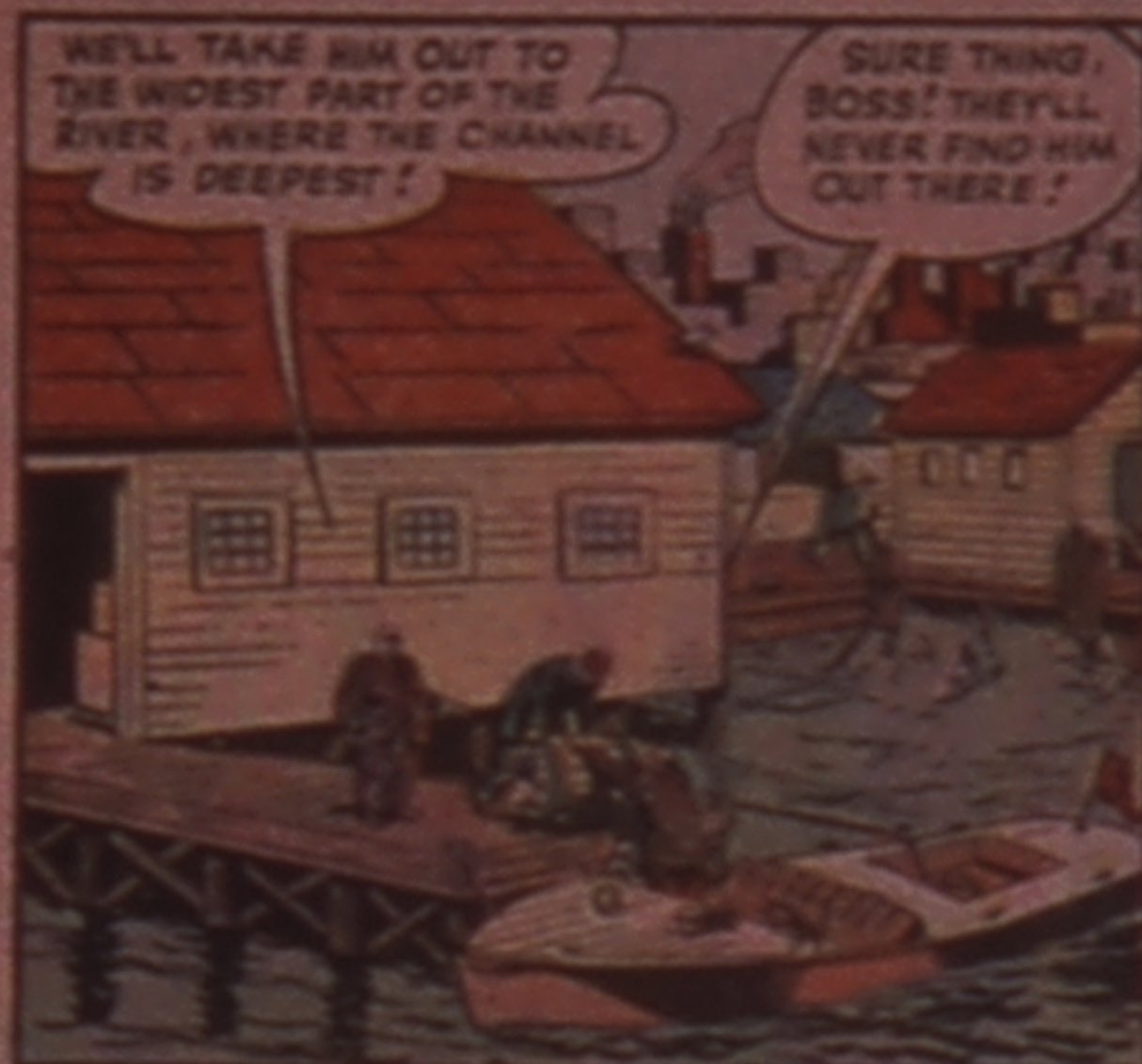
THIS IS CURTAINS FOR
YOU, SNOOPER! 219 GRIMSBY
STREET ISN'T EXACTLY A
REAL ESTATE PROJECT,
YA KNOW!

I'LL PLAY
FOR TIME!

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?







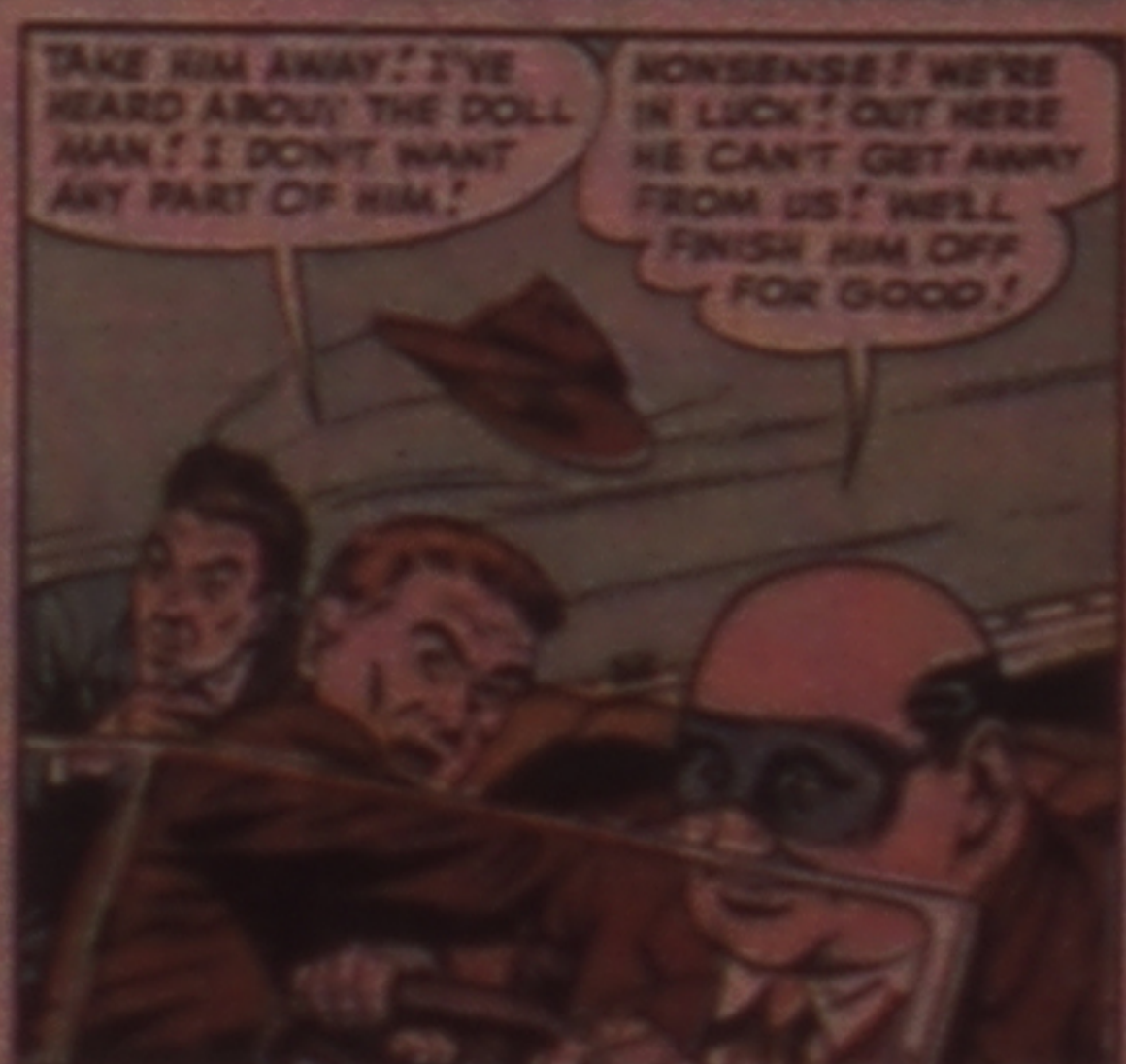
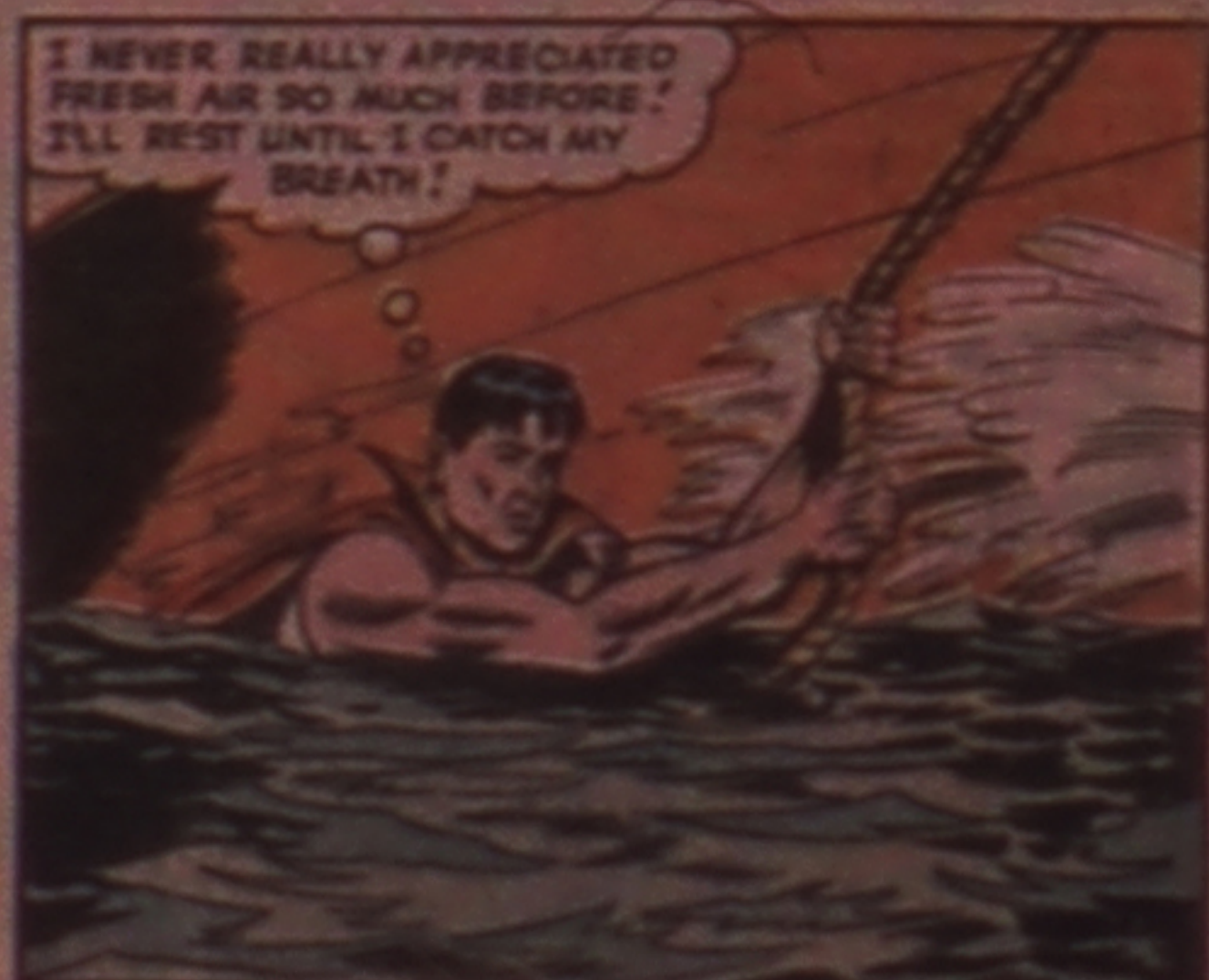
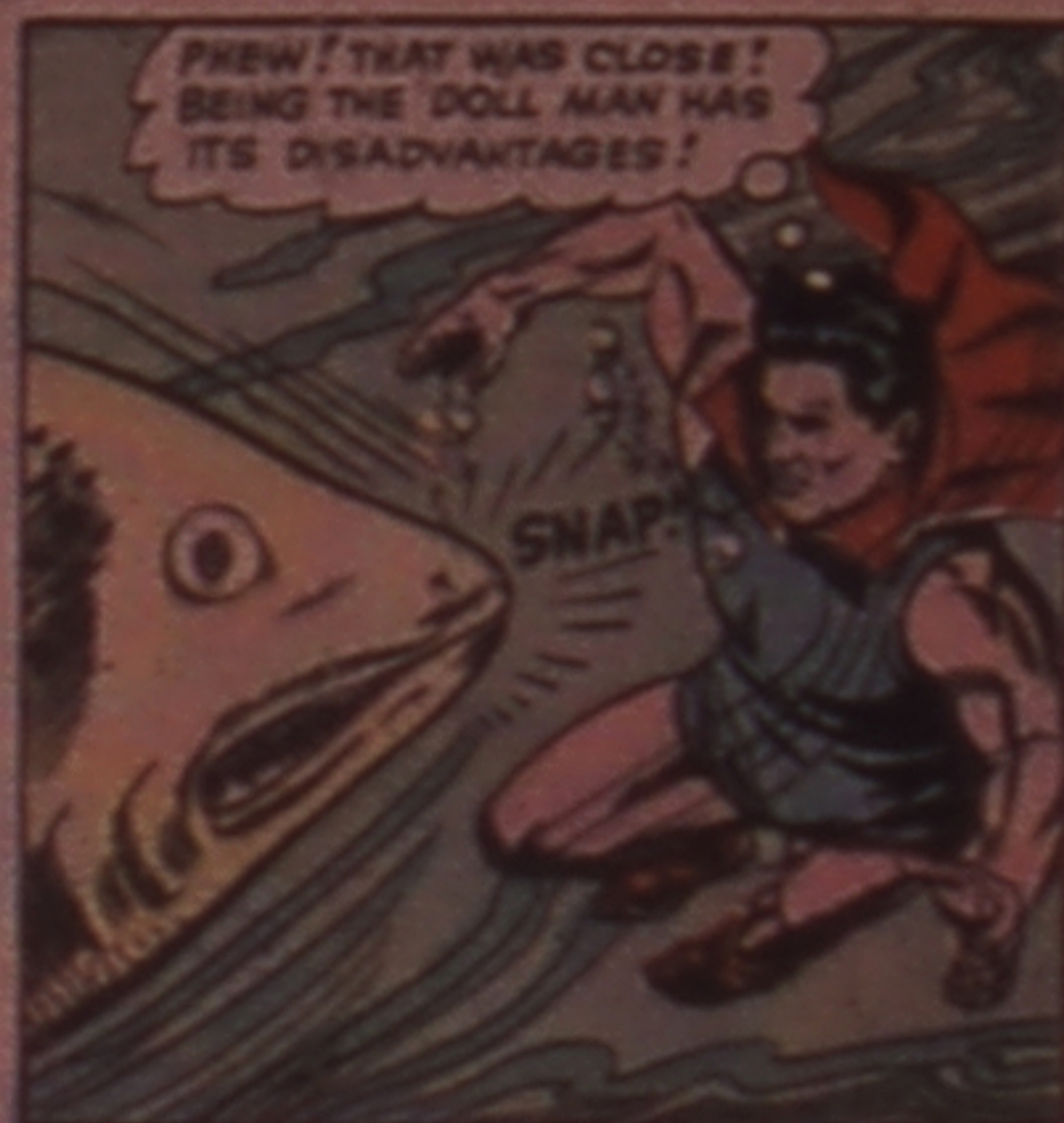
By an immense effort of will, Darrel Dane compresses the molecules of his body... the universe seems to spin for a moment...

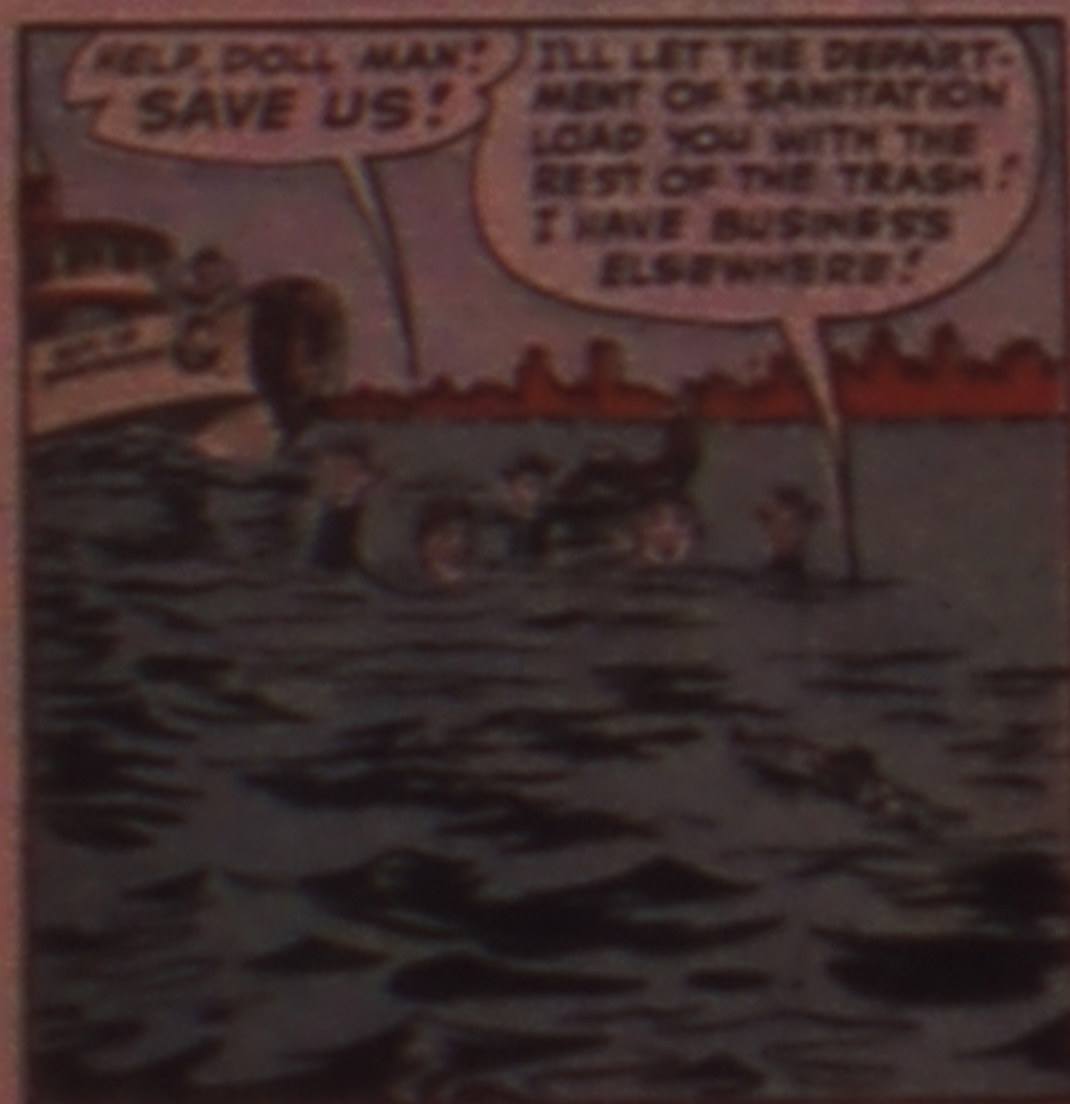


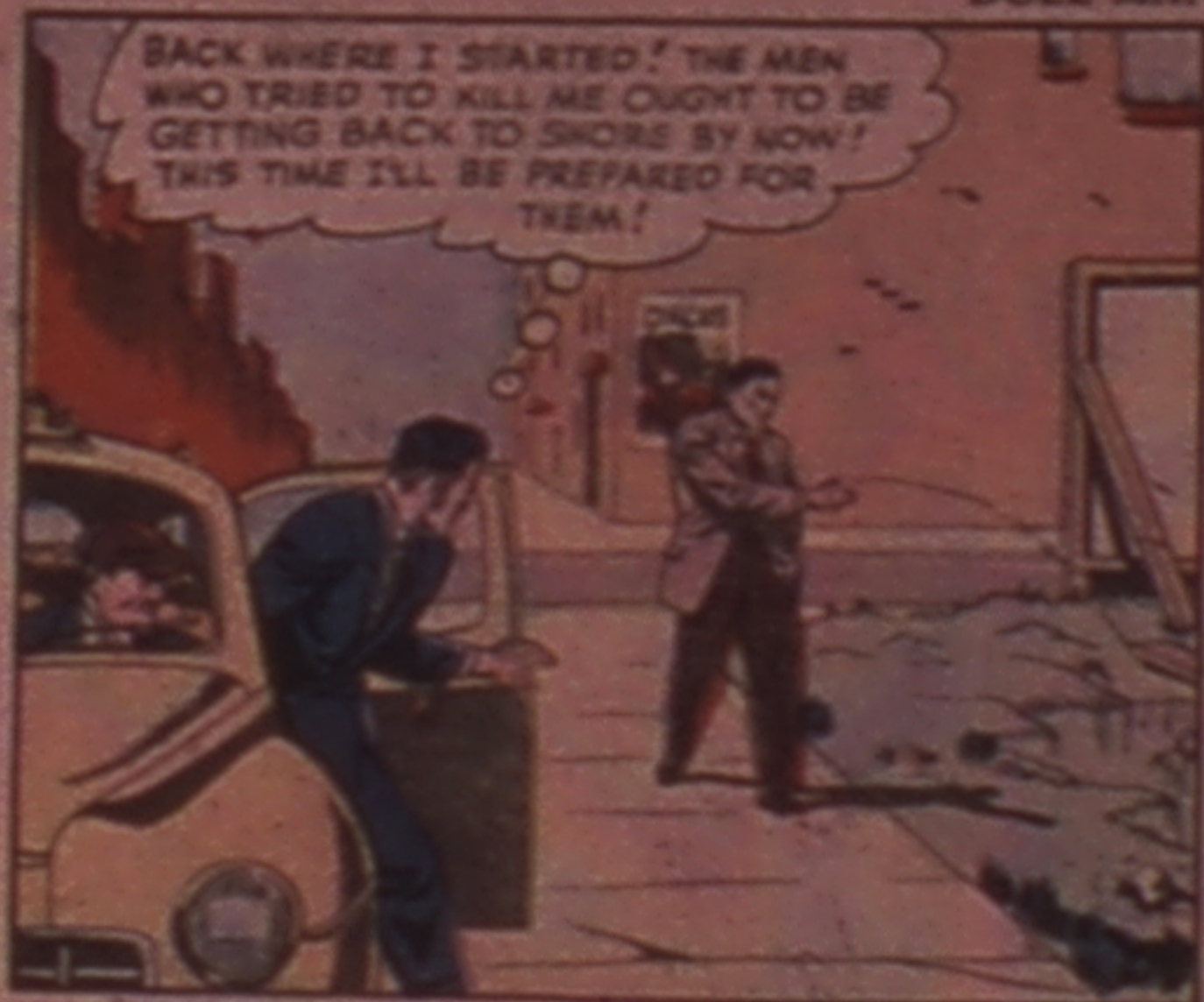
--and he becomes...
DOLL MAN...
mightiest of mites!

DARREL DANE COULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF HERE... BUT IT'S ROLL OUT OF THE BARREL FOR DOLL MAN!









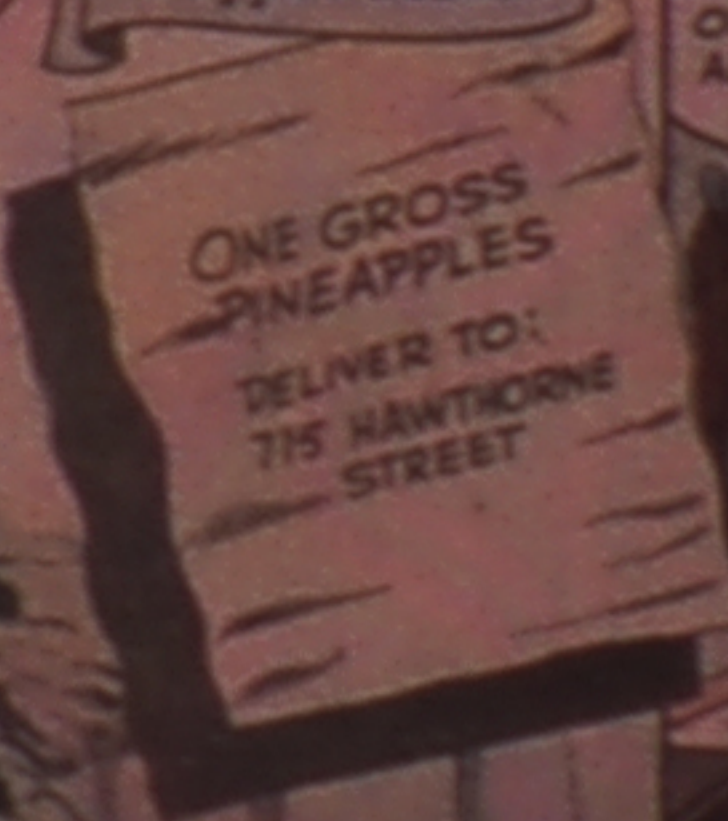
LOOKS AS IF I'M JUST IN TIME TO COLLECT ANOTHER UNSMOKED CIGARETTE FROM THAT PUDDLE!



JUST AS I SUSPECTED! THESE CIGARETTES ARE FAKED, WITH ORDERS FOR WEAPONS WRITTEN ON THE INSIDE!



The message written on the wrapper reads...



Half an hour later, at the headquarters of racketeer Luke Signorelli—

OPEN THE DOOR, AL! SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING!

IT MUST BE THAT DELIVERY FROM THE UNDERWORLD WEAPONS CORPORATION!



WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, MISTER?

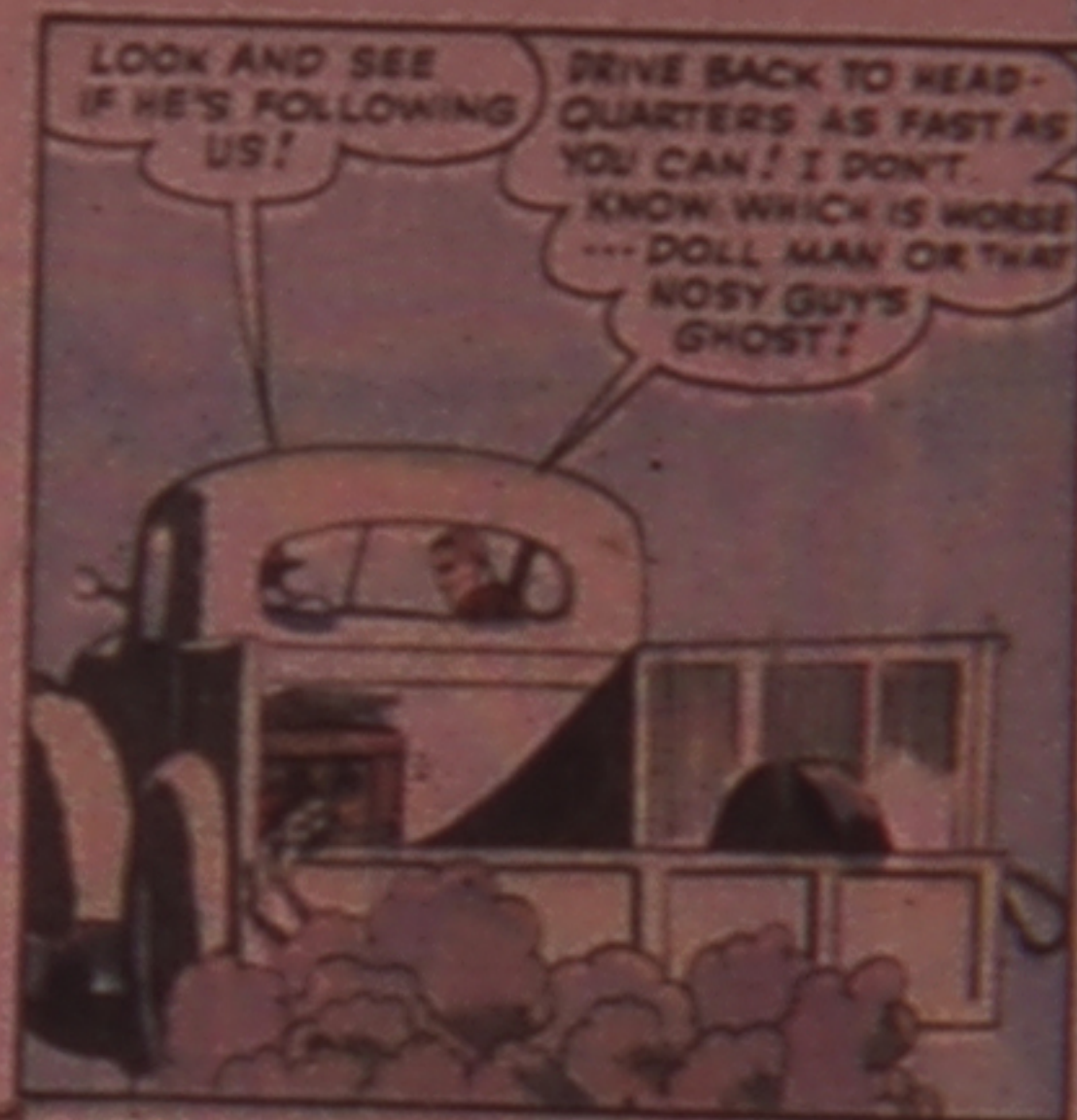
I'M FROM THE UNDERWORLD WEAPONS CORPORATION—I WANT TO SEE YOUR BOSS ABOUT HIS ORDER!

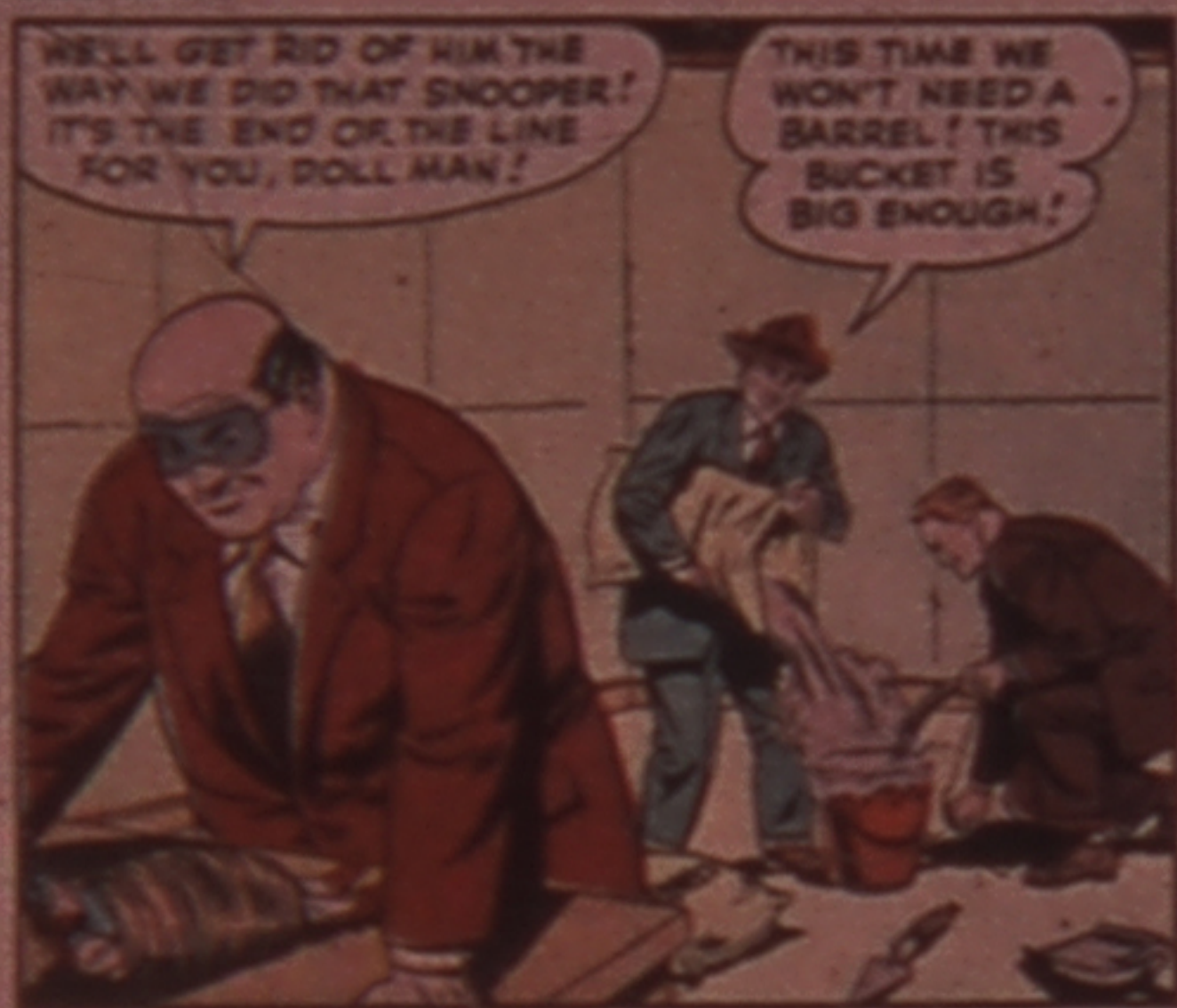
A GUY WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THOSE PINEAPPLES YOU ORDERED, BOSS! SHALL I LET HIM IN?

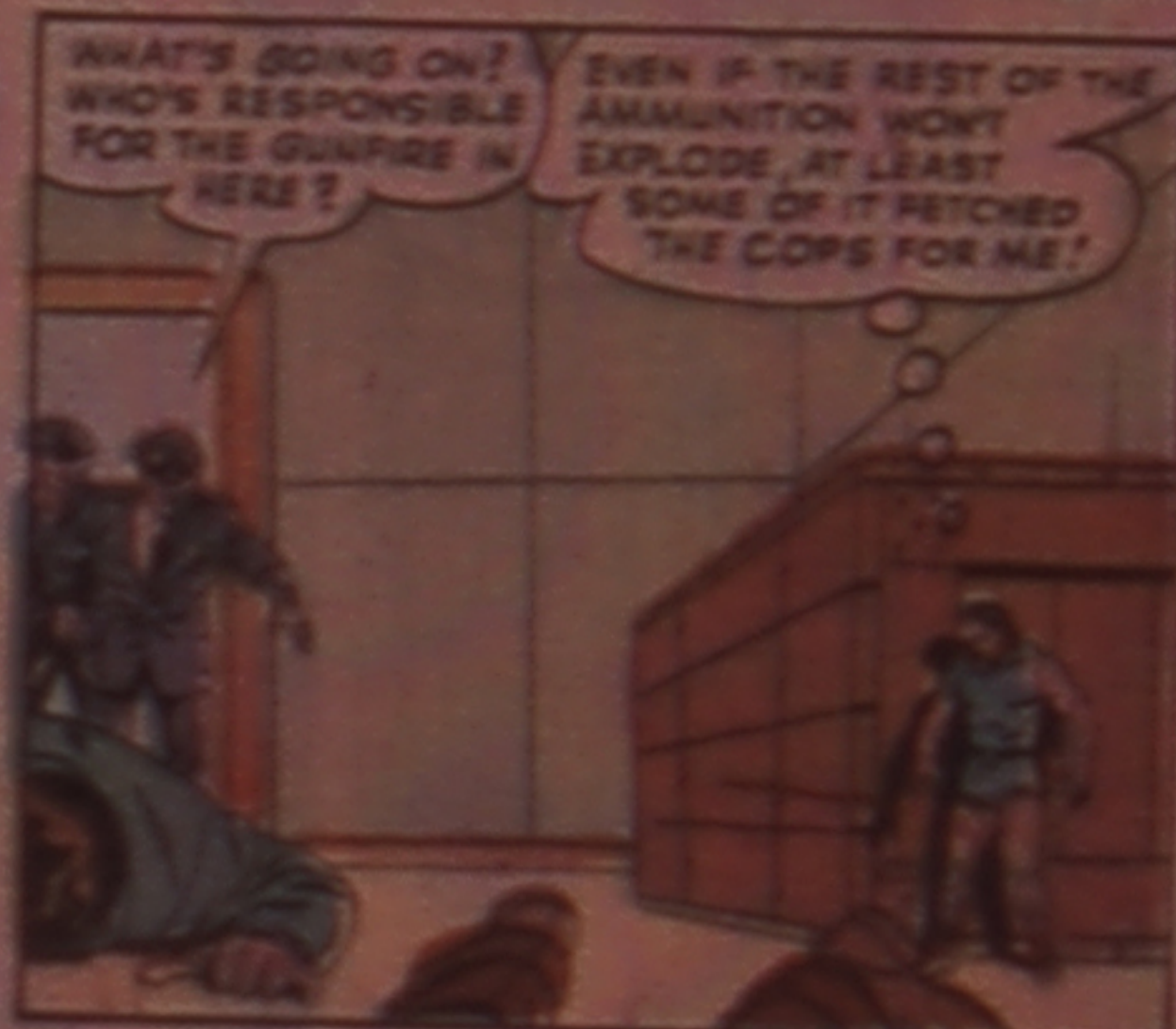
THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY FOR A QUICK CHANGE TO DOLL MAN!











The DOLL MAN



In ancient days women were burned at the stake for the practice of WITCH-CRAFT! But THE HAG, sorceress of evil, proves that times have changed, when she uses MODERN witchcraft to accomplish her own criminal ends!

But even crime-dom's most dangerous woman needs more than black magic to evade the two-fisted justice of the world's mightiest mite... THE DOLL MAN!

At the state prison, where Patricia Wentworth, alias **THE HAG**, is serving a life sentence...



AS A REWARD FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR, YOU'LL BE EXCUSED FROM REGULAR PRISON DUTIES SO YOU CAN REHEARSE FOR THE ROLE OF ONE OF THE WITCHES IN THE PRISONERS' PERFORMANCE OF SHAKESPEARE'S "MACBETH"!

THANK YOU, WARDEN!



A WITCH, EH? A PERFECT PART FOR THE **HAG** — AND A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO USE MODERN WITCHCRAFT FOR MAKING MY ESCAPE!



Later, at a rehearsal given for the warden and prison guards —

PATRICIA'S GIVING A REMARKABLY REALISTIC PERFORMANCE!

FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE!



FOOLS! YOU CAN'T TELL THE REAL THING WHEN YOU SEE IT! YOU'LL ALL DIE — BY **WITCHCRAFT**!



... WHILE **THE HAG** ESCAPES!

MY THROAT! I ... CAN'T BREATHE —

AHHH!



MY SECRET SUPPLY OF PHOSGENE IN BOILING WATER GIVES OFF AN INVISIBLE, DEADLY VAPOR! THEY NEVER KNEW WHAT HAPPENED — AND I MIGHT NOT HAVE KNOWN EITHER, IF I'D BEEN STANDING IN THE WAY OF THE FUMES! HEH! HEH!



MODERN WITCHCRAFT BROUGHT ME FREEDOM! PERHAPS IT WILL BRING ME A FORTUNE, TOO! HEH, HEH, HEH —



When Patricia Wentworth's cell is searched--

SHE LEFT THIS
NOTE BEHIND! IT
DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE TO ME--

LET
ME SEE
IT!

*I'll double your
troubles when
the countdown
bubbles--
But when
night is day,
I'll fly the
raven away!
The Hag*

Next day, in Dr. Roberts' home,
where Darrel Dane is visiting his
fiancee, Martha Roberts--

--FOUR ARE DEAD AS A RESULT
OF THE HAG'S DARING PRISON
BREAK! BUT NO ONE HAS YET
DECIPHERED THE MEANING OF
A STRANGE RHYME FOUND IN
HER PRISON CELL--

I'LL
COPY
IT DOWN,
DARREL!

THE FIRST TWO LINES OBVIOUSLY
REFER TO HER ESCAPE! FIND THE
NEXT TWO -- HMM! ISN'T THERE
AN EXHIBITION OF EDGAR ALLEN
POE'S MANUSCRIPTS AT THE
AMERICAN AUTHORS'
SOCIETY?

I--I
DON'T
UNDER-
STAND!

POE'S MOST FAMOUS POEM WAS CALLED
"THE RAVEN"! IT'S
FEATURED IN THAT
EXHIBITION!

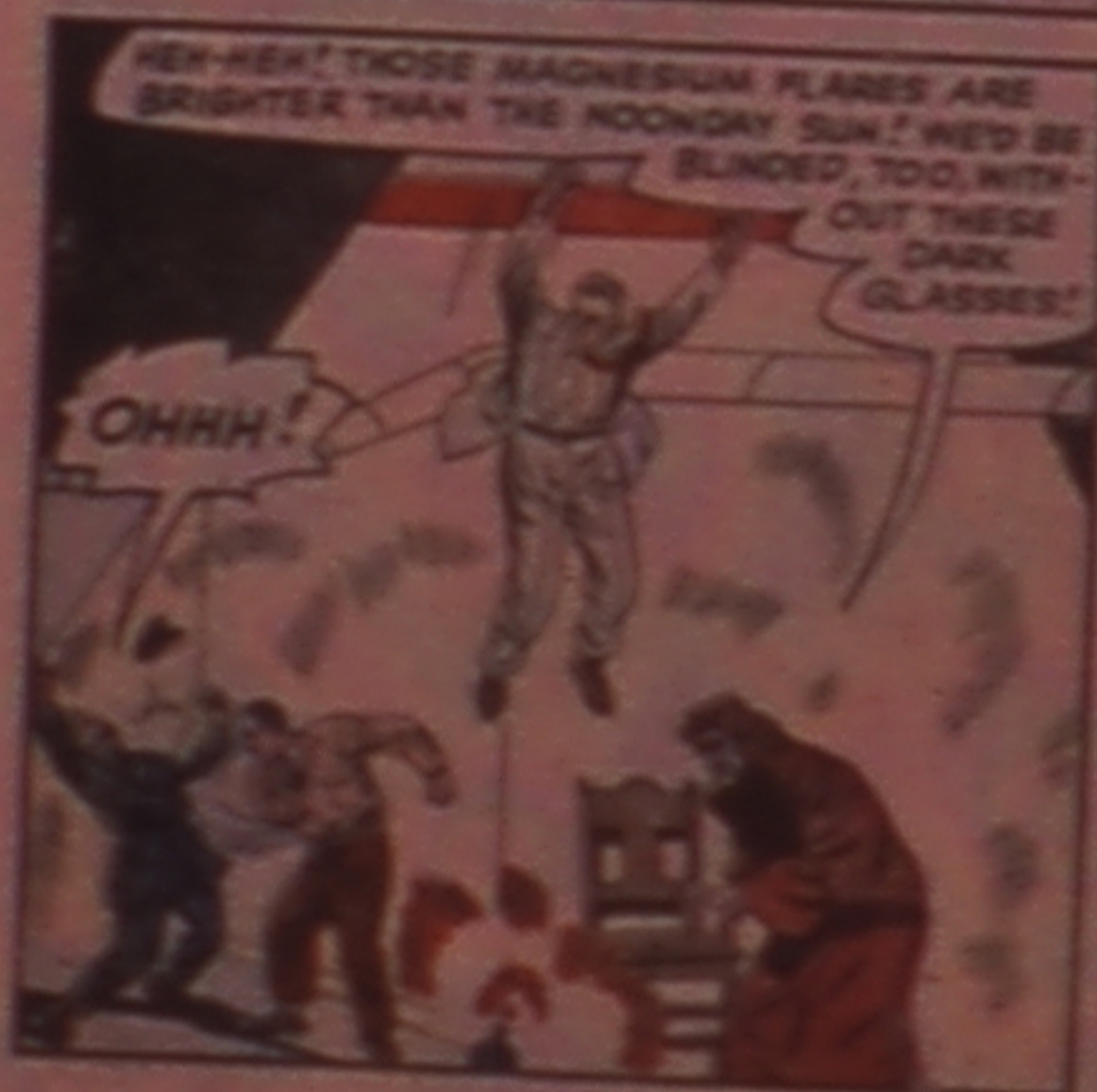
DO YOU THINK
THE HAG MIGHT
TRY TO STEAL IT?

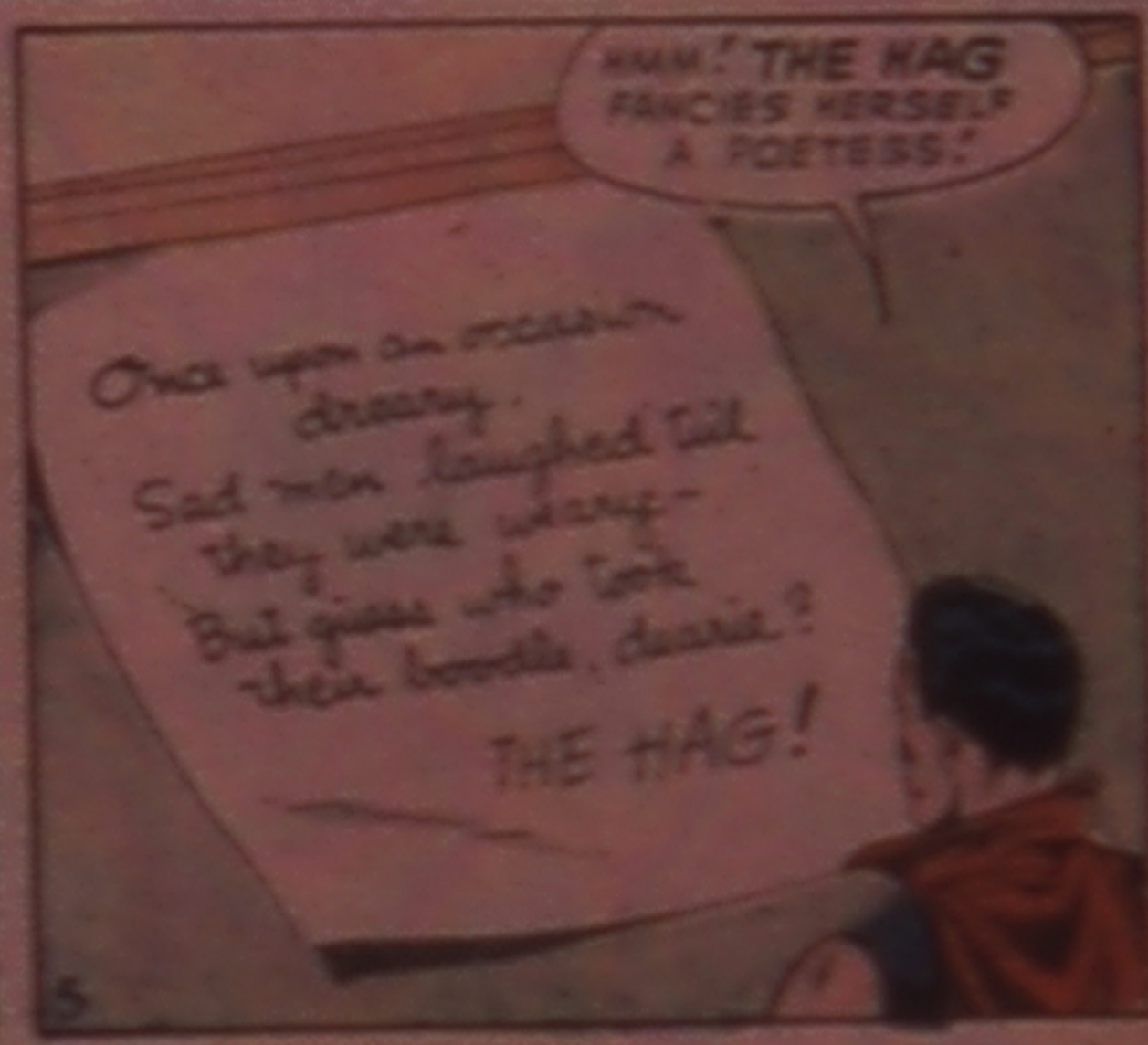
THERE'S A CHANCE I'M RIGHT!
AND THE DOLL MAN CAN'T
AFFORD TO OVERLOOK
ANY BETS!

GOOD
LUCK,
DARREL!

Later, in the privacy of his
own room, Darrel Dane exerts
his will power, condensing the
molecules of his body--

...to become the dynamic Doll Man!





Next day...

IT'S THE ANNIVERSARY OF MORRIS FRAME'S DEATH! IT SAYS HERE THAT HIS THREE FORMER PARTNERS ARE GOING TO BE PRESENT AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICES!

HUH? WHO'S MORRIS FRAME?

THE FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL BANKER WHO DIED LAST YEAR! HIS PARTNERS ARE GIVING FIFTY-THOUSAND DOLLARS TO HIS FAVORITE CHARITIES! DON'T YOU KEEP UP WITH THE NEWS THESE DAYS, DARREL?

WELL, ER-- SAY! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY! I--

EXCUSE ME, MARTHA?

DARREL DANE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I COULDN'T STOP TO EXPLAIN! BUT MARTHA GAVE ME THE CLUE TO THE HAG'S LATEST CRIME RHYME -- I'VE GOT TO RURRY!

Meanwhile, at the memorial services --

IN MEMORY OF OUR ESTEEMED PARTNER, MORRIS FRAME, WE WANT TO DONATE THIS GIFT OF FIFTY-THOUSAND DOLLARS TO CHARITY --

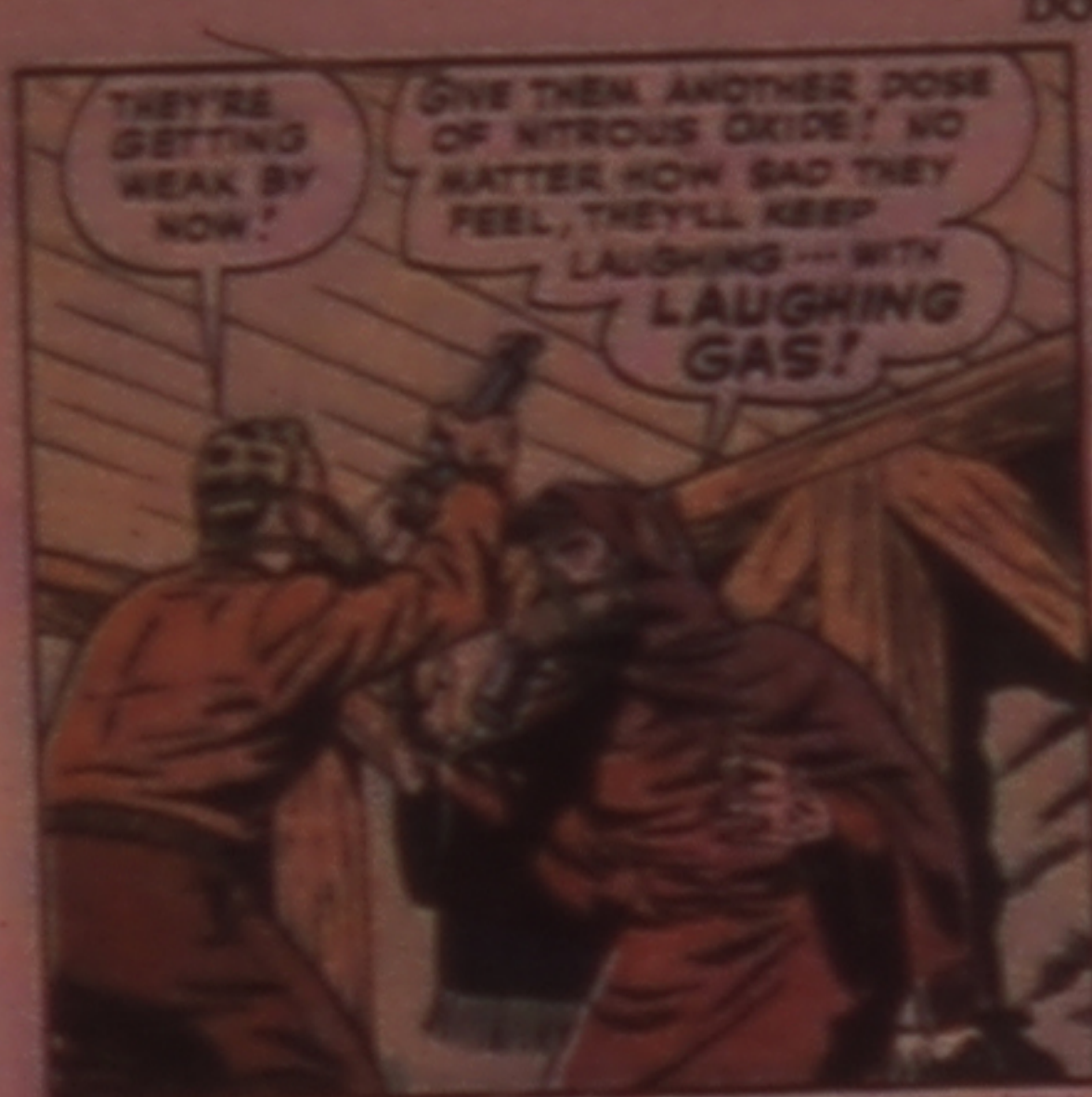
IT IS INDEED A SAD OCCASION ON WHICH WE -- HEE, HEE, HEE -- ERUMP! -- HARK, HIS PASSING, BUT --

I KNOW THAT HE WOULD BE PLEASED TO -- HA-HA-HA --

OH-HO-HO-HO-HO!

HA-HA-HA... HEE-HEE-HEE-HO-HO--HA-HA-HA-HA!

WHY ARE THEY LAUGHING? THEY WERE SAD A MOMENT AGO! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!



Once again Derrel Dane exercises his unique ability--





THE HAG AND HER KENCHEN ESCAPED! LOOKS LIKE SHE'S REALLY MAKING MODERN WITCHCRAFT PAY DIVIDENDS AFTER ALL! IT'S ABOUT TIME I TOOK A LESSON FROM HER BOOK...



Next day, in a large metropolitan newspaper...

PAGE 16

PERSONALS

To the Doll Man:
When there's ice on the floors,
it will rain indoors, and that is no weather prediction!
Guess Who.

And Mrs. C.
and Mrs. J.
and Mrs. K.
and Mrs. L.
and Mrs. M.
and Mrs. N.
and Mrs. O.
and Mrs. P.
and Mrs. Q.
and Mrs. R.
and Mrs. S.
and Mrs. T.
and Mrs. U.
and Mrs. V.
and Mrs. W.
and Mrs. X.
and Mrs. Y.
and Mrs. Z.

Oh, Darrel! Does the message does not come as a surprise—

THE HAG'S ENJOYING HER TRIUMPHS OVER THE DOLL MAN! SHE CAN'T RESIST TRYING HER LUCK AGAIN—

IF THE HAG CAN ICE ORDINARY FLOORS AND MAKE IT RAIN INDOORS, I'LL GRANT THAT SHE IS A WITCH!

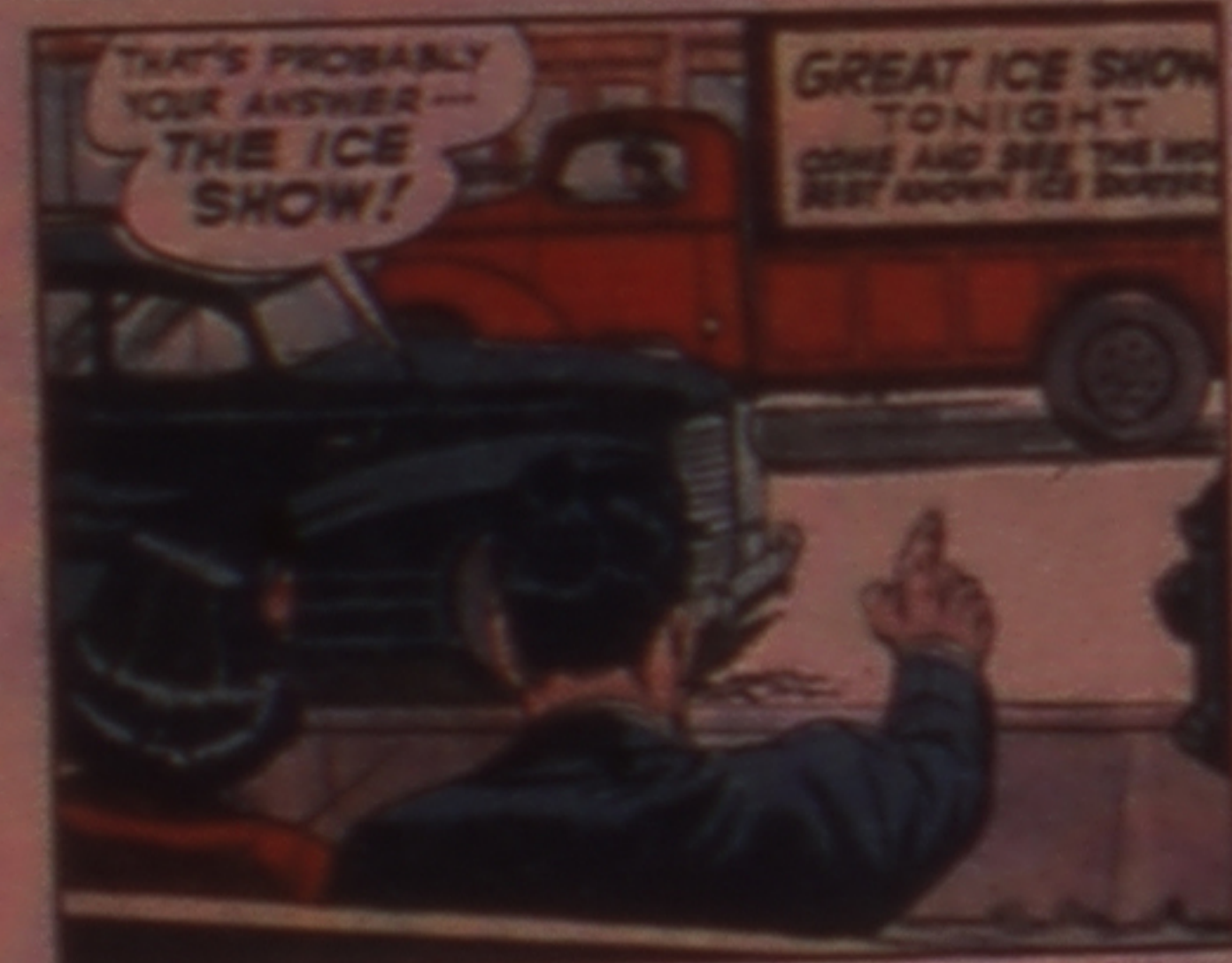


DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS YET, MARTHA! LOOK!



THAT'S PROBABLY YOUR ANSWER—
THE ICE SHOW!

GREAT ICE SHOW TONIGHT
COME AND SEE THE MOST
BEST KNOWN ICE SKATERS



ICE ON THE FLOOR FOR SKATERS! ...IF I KNOW THE HAG, SHE'LL LIVE UP TO THE REST OF HER PREDICTION, TOO!

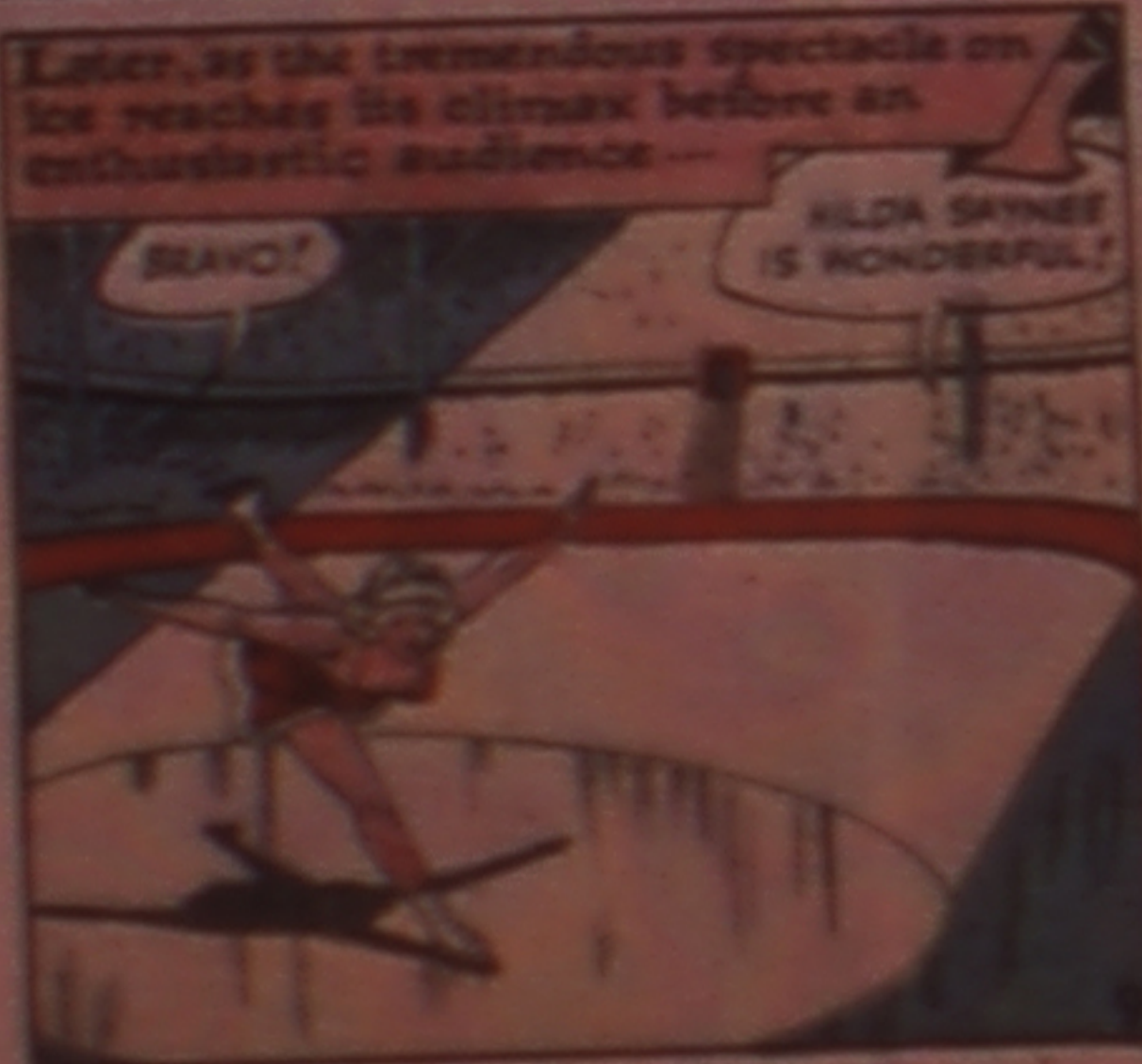
B-BUT HOW?—AND WHY?



Later, as the tremendous spectacle on ice reaches its climax before an enthusiastic audience—

BRAVO!

HILDA SAYNEE IS WONDERFUL!



But, near the roof of the vast arena—

TWENTY-THOUSAND EHEH-HEH! BREATHING PEOPLE DOWN BELOW! THEIR MOISTURE-LADEN BREATHS GIVE US JUST THE ATMOSPHERE WE NEED! EMPTY THOSE SACKS—

I WISH I KNEW WHAT WE WERE DOING HAG!



THE SACKS CONTAIN DRY ICE! IN CONTACT WITH MOIST AIR, DRY ICE WILL CAUSE RAIN! HEH-HEH! IT'S THE PRINCIPLE EMPLOYED BY SCIENTISTS IN MAKING ARTIFICIAL WEATHER!



And soon... **OWH!** MY FURS WILL BE RUINED! I'M LEAVING!



I GUESS **THE HAG** KEPT HER PROMISE!

TAKE COVER! I'LL STICK AROUND TO WATCH FOR HER NEXT MOVE! I MAY EVEN PRACTICE SOME WITCHCRAFT OF MY OWN — AS **THE DOLL MAN!**



Meanwhile...

ER...OWING TO UNUSUAL CONDITIONS, I AM...UH—COMPELLED TO HURRY THE PROCEEDINGS! THE JUDGES AWARD THIS JEWELLED CROWN TO YOU, HILDA 'SAMEE, AS THE CHAMPION—

THANK YOU!



AH! THAT CROWN'S A PRETTY BAUBLE! IT BELONGS IN THE COLLECTION OF—
THE HAG!

OWH!



DON'T MIND ME, **HAG!** I'M JUST TAKING A FEW PRECAUTIONS!

CONFOUND YOU!



BUT YOU'LL NEVER CATCH **THE HAG!**





In the darkness, weirdly glowing footprints come into view—

THE PHOSPHORUS IN THAT WATER I POURED DID THE TRICK! THIS TIME SHE CAN'T GET AWAY!

At the trail's end—

THERE'S YOUR CULPRIT, OFFICERS! DON'T BE AFRAID OF HER! SHE'S NOT REALLY A WITCH!

THOSE CURSED FOOTPRINTS! I COULDN'T LOSE THEM!



MORE SCIENTIFIC WITCHCRAFT, MY DEAR HAG! BUT NOW I WISH YOU A PLEASANT SOJOURN IN JAIL! THAT'S WHERE MODERN WITCHES BELONG!

BAH!



Let's see—
DARRYL, YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN A WORD ALL EVENING!

I'M UNDER A SPELL, MARTHA DARLING! YOURS IS THE ONLY KIND OF WITCHERY I CAN'T RESIST!

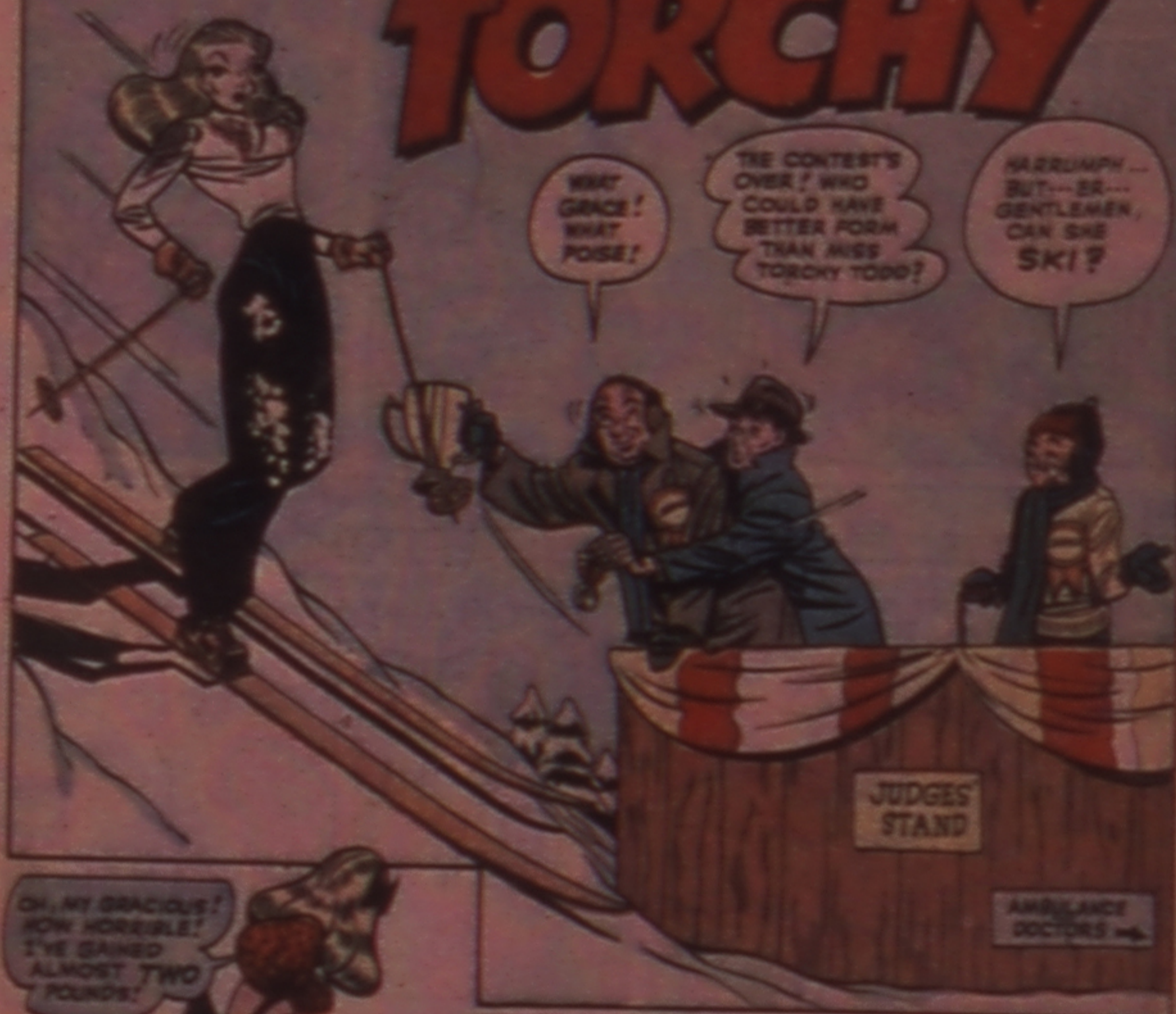


TORCHY

WHAT
GRACE!
WHAT
POISE!

THE CONTEST'S
OVER! WHO
COULD HAVE
BETTER FORM
THAN MISS
TORCHY TODD?

HARRUMPH...
BUT---ER---
GENTLEMEN,
CAN SHE
SKI?



OH, MY GRACIOUS!
HOW HORRIBLE!
I'VE GAINED
ALMOST TWO
POUNDS!



I SHOULD EXERCISE TO TAKE
OFF WEIGHT, BUT IT'S TOO
COLD TO SWIM OR PLAY
TENNIS! WAIT--- I'VE
GOT IT! I'LL
LEARN HOW TO
SKI!



HOW SOON CAN I GET A RESERVATION FOR SNOWY HILLS SKI LODGE? TONIGHT? THANKS!

GOLLY, I'D BETTER HURRY AND GET SOME SKI CLOTHES!



OH, MISS! I'D LIKE TO BUY SOME SKIS, AND —

UHM—YES—HMM! WHAT SIZE, AND DO YOU WANT RACERS OR JUMPERS?

MISS POINDEXTER
SKI EXPERT



SIZE? OH, FOUR-AND-A-HALF, I GUESS!

FOUR-AND-A-HALF? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! UNLESS, OF COURSE, THAT'S YOUR SHOE SIZE!

MISS POINDEXTER
SKI EXPERT



NEVER MIND! I'LL HELP MYSELF!

I'D LIKE TO SHOW THAT SNOOTY SALESGIRL THE TIE END OF A SHOE!



WELL, AT LEAST I CAN PICK MY OWN SKI OUTFIT WITH NO HELP FROM HER!



ER—YES? BUT ISN'T THAT A RATHER UNUSUAL BIT OF DISPLAY ADVERTISING OVER THERE? DON'T TELL ME YOU MANAGED THAT, TOO?

MISS POINDEXTER, I'M AMAZED AT THE CROWDS IN THE SKI DEPARTMENT TODAY!

I'M GLAD YOU APPRECIATE THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING AN EXPERT SKIER TO MANAGE THE DEPARTMENT, MR. BLUE!

SKI EXPERT



That evening—

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! I THINK I CAN MANAGE NOW!

AND THEY SAY MEN AREN'T CHIVALROUS! HOW SILLY!

— HIS SLALOMING WAS ADEQUATE, BUT THAT GELANDESPRUNG! AND AS FOR CHRISTIANAS—

MY GOODNESS! THAT POOR GIRL WASN'T RUDE IN THE STORE! SHE'S JUST A FOREIGNER WHO DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER!



HI! I'M PUDGY PETERS! ARE YOU AN EXPERT OR JUST A BEGINNER LIKE ME?

WELL, I GUESS YOU'D CALL ME A BEGINNER! I'VE NEVER BEEN ON SKIS BEFORE!

Later...

WAIT TILL YOU SEE MR. MORKLE, THE INSTRUCTOR! HE'S GORGEOUS!

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN LEARNING TO SKI!

HE PROBABLY WOULDN'T NOTICE ME ANYHOW, WITH ALL THIS EXTRA WEIGHT I'M CARRYING!



Next morning—

BRACE YOURSELVES, FELLOWS! WE'VE GOT TO PUT UP WITH SOME MORE GREENHORNS!

THAT GIRL'S NO GREENHORN! LOOK—SHE USES JUMPING SKIS—SHE MUST BE GOOD!

PUDGY, HOW DO YOU GET THESE THINGS ON? I PICKED THEM OUT MYSELF, AND I NEVER DID FIND OUT HOW THEY WORK! BUT I WON'T HAVE THAT WOMAN THINKING I'M AN AMATEUR!

ADVANCED GROUP, YOU CAN TAKE A PRACTICE RUN OVER HERE!

TORRY, BE CAREFUL! I WISH YOU'D TELL MR. MORKLE YOU CAN'T SKI!



WHY, THERE'S NOTHING TO IT! JUST LIKE STANDING UP ON A SLED— SORT OF!

THERE'LL BE TOUGH SLEDDING AHEAD FOR SOMEBODY, OR I MISS MY GUESS!



WHEE! I'M BEATING THE REST OF THE GROUP! ONLY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PATH?



HELP! OH, WHAT I'D GIVE FOR A SET OF BRAKES ON THESE THINGS! HELP, SOMEBODY! OOOPS!



GOLLY! WHY DIDN'T I JUST DO SETTING-UP EXERCISES! HELLLLLLP!



WELL, AT LEAST IT WASN'T A PAINFUL DEATH! I'M FLYING INTO SPACE ALREADY!



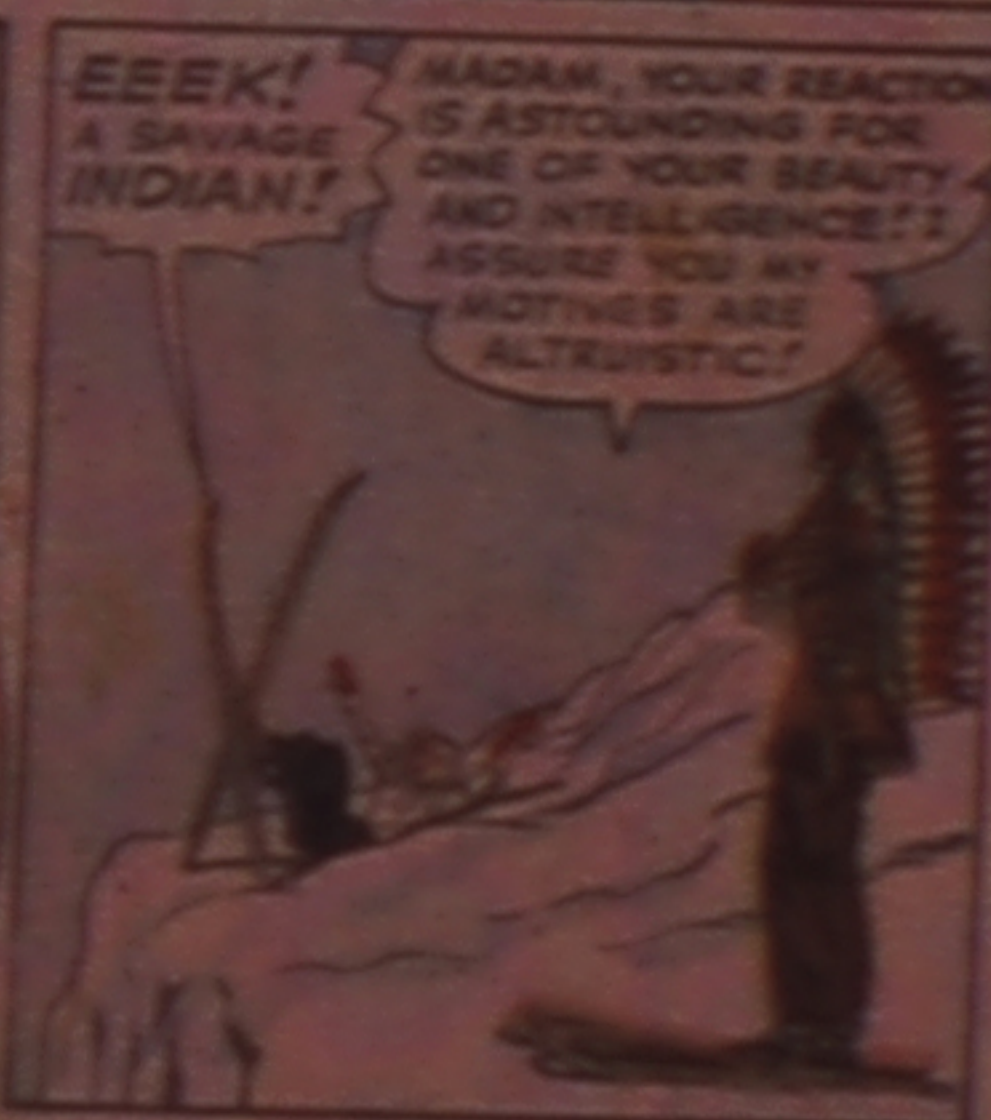
OOOF!



I SAY, YOUNG LADY! BIT OF A NARROW ESCAPE! WHAT?

EEEK! A SAVAGE INDIAN!

MADAM, YOUR REACTION IS ASTOUNDING FOR ONE OF YOUR BEAUTY AND INTELLIGENCE! I ASSURE YOU MY MOTIVES ARE ALTRUISTIC!



BUT WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT?

I AM INTERESTED IN RE-CAPTURING THE CULTURE OF MY PRIMITIVE ANCESTORS. FIELD TRIPS ARE PART OF MY RESEARCH! NOW HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I-I THINK I'M ALL RIGHT! BUT—

LET ME GET YOU TO THE RESERVATION FOR TREATMENT! WE'LL TALK AFTERWARDS!

YOU'RE SO KIND—BUT ALL I REALLY WANT IS TO GET BACK TO THE LODGE! HOW SOON CAN WE LEAVE?

ABOUT APRIL, I SHOULD SAY!



APRIL? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I INSIST! I—

SORRY! THIS RESERVATION IS COMPLETELY SNOW-BOUND IN WINTER—UNLESS YOU CARE TO JUMP BACK THE WAY YOU CAME!

THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT! BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP CALM!

PUT THESE CEREMONIAL ROBES ON TILL YOUR THINGS ARE MENDED! I'M AFRAID THEY'RE THE ONLY THINGS WE HAVE THAT WILL FIT YOU!



Later...



THE ELDERS OF THE TRIBE ARE MEETING TO FIND A WAY OF GETTING YOU HOME! WILL YOU JOIN THEM?

OF COURSE! GEE, THEY MUST BE WORRIED TO DEATH ABOUT ME AT THE LODGE!

At the lodge—

MR. MORRIS,
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED
TO TORCHY TOPP! SHE'S
BEEN GONE FOR HOURS,
AND SHE CAN'T SKI!

WHAT? GET A
RESCUE SQUAD
TOGETHER, QUICK!
I DIDN'T REALIZE
ANYONE WAS
MISSING!

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE
MYSELF FOR LETTING HER
GO, BUT SHE LOOKED SO
CONFIDENT—

LOOK! THE
TRACKS GO RIGHT
OVER THE CLIFF!



IF SHE'S DOWN
THERE—OH, IT'S
ALL MY FAULT!
I KNEW SHE
COULDN'T
SKI!

WAIT! LOOK—THE TRACKS
START AGAIN ON THE OTHER
SIDE! SHE MUST HAVE
JUMPED ACROSS!



IF ONLY SHE'S SAFE! THERE'S
AN INDIAN RESERVATION OVER
THERE—IF SHE GOT TO
IT—



I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND! YOU
WON'T REALLY GET THE PROPER
EFFECT UNLESS YOU'RE BOUND!
AND THIS WILL HELP ME BRING
MORE REALISM INTO MY
PROJECT!

YOUR
PROJECT'S
REALISTIC
ENOUGH RIGHT
NOW!

WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE A
LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT WHILE
THE ELPERS DISCUSS YOUR
CASE—ODDLY ENOUGH, THIS
DANCE USED TO BE
PERFORMED BEFORE
SACRIFICING A WHITE
MAIDEN! HA! HA!

HA, HA, HA!
ISN'T THAT
FUNNY?



LOOK! THERE'S THE RESERVATION!

AND THERE'S TORCHY! BUT WHAT— SHE'S A CAPTIVE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT WE'LL STOP IT! YOU WOMEN STAY HERE TILL WE KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!

MISS TODD, HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF GOING BACK TO THE PRIMITIVE LIFE?

UNHAND THAT WOMAN, YOU FIEND!



WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THIS, MISS TODD! DON'T WORRY!

THANK HEAVENS YOU CAME!

MISS TODD, YOU TOOK THE SYLLABLES RIGHT FROM MY LIPS!

HUH?

I COULD NEVER HAVE DUPLICATED THIS ACTION SCENE WITH PAID ACTORS! MY THANKS TO YOU ALL!



MY ASSISTANT HERE HAS PHOTOGRAPHED THE ENTIRE SCENE! THESE SHOTS WILL BE USED IN MY DOCUMENTARY FILM ON INDIAN CULTURE! YOU'VE HELPED ME IMMEASURABLY!

YOU, SIR, ARE A CAD!

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE ARTISTIC SPIRIT! ANYWAY, I WAS GOING TO DRIVE YOU HOME IN A FEW MINUTES! SHALL WE GO?

YOU MEAN---OH, YES! I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY!



OK, TORCHY, I THINK YOU'RE SO BRAVE! AND...

WILL YOU SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR, PUDGE?



MISS TODD, PLEASE!

TORCHY, IT'S FOR YOU!

JUST A MINUTE!



WHAT IS IT?

MISS TODD, WE UNDERSTAND YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO SKI! MAY WE TEACH YOU, HUH?



I'M SORRY BOYS, BUT I'M NOT PLANNING TO SKI ANY MORE!

OH, PLEASE! DON'T BE DISCOURAGED! YOU'LL LEARN!



DISCOURAGED? OH, I FEEL JUST THE OPPOSITE! IT'S BEEN WONDERFUL! BUT I DON'T NEED TO SKI ANY LONGER--I'VE LOST THREE WHOLE POUNDS SINCE I CAME UP HERE!



A

HAUNTING STORY

THE Yellow Barn, a fashionable summer playhouse in the New England Hills, was the appropriate setting for one of the Doll Man's most dramatic cases. "Agatha Aiken in *One More Murder*," read the lighted sign on the lawn. Darrel Dane, the sometimes Doll Man, was present on the June night when the first act of the drama transpired.

Finding his seat inside, Darrel looked over the playbill. Agatha Aiken, star of many years' standing, would always give a competent performance. The supporting players were less well known, but the audience might be in for a pleasant surprise. Many beginners had found summer stock the first step to Broadway and fame.

The play was a thriller, and soon after the curtain rose people were sitting forward breathlessly, caught up in the drama unfolding before them. Agatha Aiken held every eye.

"But I tell you, I'm afraid!" she cried in her deep voice, leaning against a small table. "I . . . I'm terrified!"

Like an echo of her fear, there was a humming noise through the air and a heavy object, falling from the dark raftered spaces above the stage, struck the actress on the head with terrific force. Instantly she crumpled to the ground and lay there unmoving. It seemed such a part of the drama that at first the audience did not realize that this incident was unplanned. It was a cry from the other actors who rushed forward to surround the fallen figure, and the hastily drawn curtain, that first told them something was wrong.

The manager, whitelaced, stepped from between the closed curtains to ask for a doctor. Darrel Dane had already slipped from his seat. He hastened to follow the doctor, who volunteered and accompanied him backstage unquestioned. Here all was confusion. A crowd around Agatha Aiken made way for the doctor as he approached. Darrel close behind him. The doctor reached for her pulse,

but it was only a gesture. It didn't take the medical man's grave headshake to tell Darrel that the silent figure with the crushed head was dead.

The manager announced to the audience that the evening's performance was over. The small-town police chief pushed his way backstage through the crowd. He questioned the actors who were on stage at the time of the catastrophe. He conferred with the stage manager. Then he held up his hand for silence and made an announcement.

"A regrettable accident! Miss Aiken was killed when she was struck by a sandbag falling from the rafters. These heavy sandbags are used for shifting scenery, and apparently a weakened rope gave way just as Miss Aiken was standing under it. I've recommended that steps be taken to insure that such a thing can't happen again . . . and I want to extend my sympathy to Miss Aiken's friends and fellow workers!"

An accident? Darrel wondered. The body had been taken away, but the fatal sandbag still lay on the stage. Kneeling he inspected the frayed end of rope attached. To him it looked as if the rope had been cut with a knife . . . yet the Chief had looked at it without reaching such a conclusion. The police Chief, Darrel saw, was still talking with the manager of the company, and as Darrel listened to them he shook his head. The Chief was overwhelmed by the celebrities surrounding him and did not want to make trouble for them, while the Manager wanted the "accident" written off and forgotten as soon as possible, for fear of adverse publicity. No use going to them with his questions, Darrel saw, unless he had concrete evidence and plenty of it.

Thoughtfully he made his way out of the theater. Ahead of him he saw the figure of a man dressed in overalls and a cap.

"You're one of the stage crew?" Darrel asked.

DOLL MAN

"I am!" the man replied sullenly. "And if you're a reporter, I'm not supposed to talk!"

"I wouldn't want you to do anything you shouldn't," said Darrel, accepting the suggestion as an excuse, "but the story is certain to be in the papers . . . and wouldn't it be better to print the facts, rather than guesses?"

"The facts?" the guy said bitterly. "Nobody'll believe the facts! A weak rope, they say. Carelessness! I'm the one who's blamed for it . . . but I know that rope wasn't weak!"

"How do you know?" Darrel asked quickly.

"Oh, I can't prove it," the guy replied angrily. "It's just my word—but it's my job to inspect those ropes and I know they were okay!"

Darrel went back to his hotel. The prop man's words strengthened Darrel's conviction that something was wrong, but they didn't furnish the evidence he needed.

As the curtain rose in the Yellow Barn the next night, Darrel was again in the audience. The name of Agatha Aiken had been replaced on the sign by an unknown name, that of her understudy, Arliss Granger; and true to the tradition of show business, the play was going on. There were whispers of excitement from the audience as Miss Granger appeared—excitement which reached its peak when she delivered the critical lines that, the night before, had heralded death. But nothing untoward occurred, and soon the spectators forgot everything else in their interest in the performance. For Arliss Granger unquestionably was a success. It was easy to see that tonight was the debut of a new star.

Between acts, Darrel followed the crowd backstage. He thought about what he already knew. None of Miss Aiken's family had been in the vicinity the night before. Gossip had disclosed no enemies. There seemed to be no one on hand at the time of the accident who profited by her death—except for her understudy, who was making it a step to fame and fortune. It was a likely theory; but worthless without evidence, and what evidence could exist?

Crowds had been congratulating Arliss Granger for her fine performance, but now as

Darrel watched she excused herself and withdrew to her dressing room to prepare for the next act. A messenger appeared, carrying an enormous basket of flowers destined for Miss Granger. Quickly Darrel stepped into the wings, out of sight. With a great effort of will he compressed the molecules of his body, closer and closer together. Where Darrel Dane had been, stood the tiny but mighty Doll Man!

The messenger set down his basket to knock at Miss Granger's door. When he picked it up again, he did not suspect that crouched in the basket behind the biggest rose was the Doll Man!

The Doll Man kept the blossom between himself and Arliss Granger as she carried the basket inside and put it down. He watched while she sat at her dressing table, alone, to alter her make-up. Suddenly she stiffened and looked around.

"Why did you do it, Arliss?" a deep voice moaned.

Hastily she jumped up and looked around the room, to see no one.

"Why did you murder me, Arliss?" the voice continued. "Do you think you can climb to fame in a dead woman's shoes? I'll haunt you forever!"

White and panting with fear, Arliss Granger rushed about the small room looking under furniture and in the closet. When she found no one, she began to scream. She was still screaming when the rest of the cast rushed into her dressing room to hear her confession.

"She's haunting me! I killed her, and now she's haunting me! I'll admit everything if you'll just take her away!"

A guilty conscience and the Doll Man had contrived to force the breakdown. It was not until later, when Arliss had been led away and the dressing room emptied of the crowd, that the Doll Man was able to climb dripping from the flower basket to resume the shape of Darrel Dane.

"Pretty good acting, if I do say so myself!" he chuckled, as he concluded his sole appearance as the ghost in "One More Murder." He had created a new role in the play, but it had paid off.



The DOLL MAN

At last I have
solved the riddle of
the Doll Man's
identity! Let the rulers
of gangland hearken to
me: The Doll Man is really
Darrel Dane

signed
The
Noose

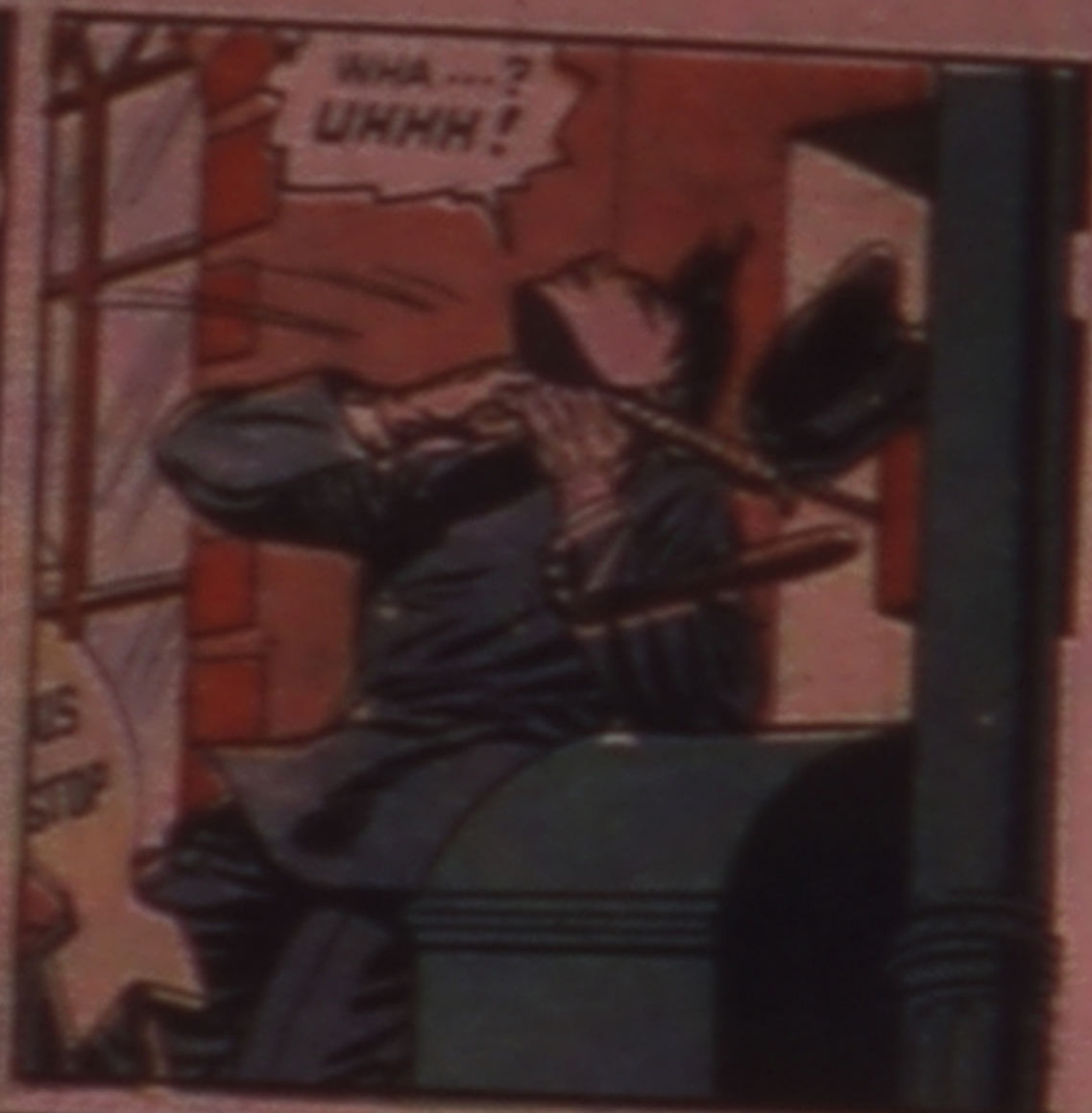
Suppose the underworld knew that THE DOLL MAN, their chief enemy, was also Darrel Dane, private citizen? A terrible supposition—since it could only mean the end of Dane, who would not long survive the concentrated attack of gangland's executioners!

But this is not really idle daydreaming, for the secret is known! Darrel Dane faces the greatest peril of his life when THE NOOSE learns that he is THE DOLL MAN'S alter ego!

Night, outside the Continental Loan Company's building—

PATROLMAN
HANNEDAN REPORTING!
ALL QUIET ON THIS BEAT,
CAPTAIN!

WHA...?
UHHH!



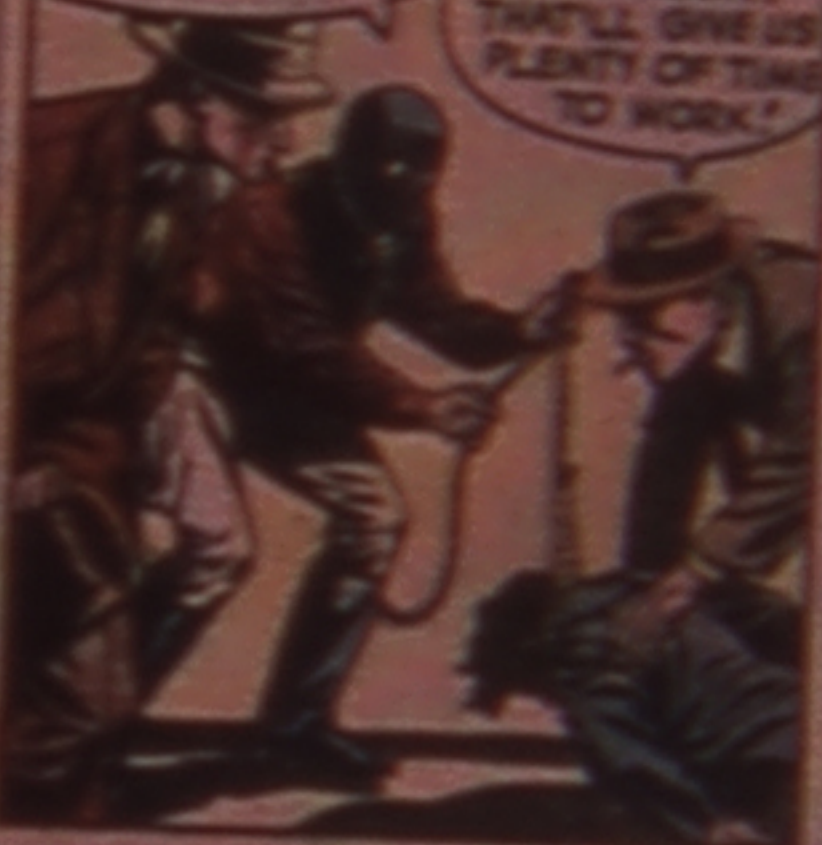
IT WILL ALWAYS
BE QUIET FOR HIM
FROM NOW ON!
MY LITTLE NOOSE
SAW TO THAT!

HIS NEXT
REPORT TO
HEADQUAR-
TERS ISN'T DUE
FOR AN HOUR!
THAT'LL GIVE US
PLENTY OF TIME
TO WORK!

THIS IS A TOUGH
SAFE TO CRACK,
NOOSE! WE'LL
HAFTA USE THE
SOUP!

HURRY UP!
WE CAN'T
STAY HERE
ALL NIGHT!

CONTINENTAL
LOAN CO.



DON'T GET PANICKY! FRANKIE'S
CUT THE ALARM CABLE—AND
NOBODY WOULD BE AROUND AT
THIS HOUR TO HEAR IT
ANYWAY!

YEAH! BUT IT
SURE MADE ME
NERVOUS WHILE
IT WAS ON!

CONTINENTAL
LOAN CO.



But at this moment, cruising in the
tiny Dollplane—

I HEARD A BURGLAR
ALARM RING SOMEWHERE
CLOSE BY! MIGHT BE IN
THAT BUILDING.







HEAR THAT SIREN?
THE COPS ARE
COMING! WE
CAN'T DELAY
ANY LONGER!

THAT SAKA!!
DOLL MAN NEARLY
RUINED EVERY-
THING!



WHY ARE WE HANGING
AROUND, NOOSE? WE
OUGHTA HIGH-TAIL IT
AWAY
FROM
HERE!

WE'RE SAFE NOW!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



THE DOLL MAN IS OUR ENEMY
NUMBER ONE! YET WE DON'T
KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM!
THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO FIND
OUT—AND USE OUR INFOR-
MATION TO GET RID OF HIM
FOR GOOD!



Inside the looted office—

THEY GOT AWAY
WITH THE MONEY, BUT
TOO BAD—THE
NOOSE IS A
SLIPPERY
CHARACTER!

WE'LL MEET
AGAIN! NEXT
TIME, IT MAY
BE A
DIFFERENT
STORY!



I'LL BE WATCHING THAT
DEADLY NOOSE OF HIS!
HE WON'T
TRAP ME SO
EASILY!



THERE HE GOES!
FOLLOW HIM!



Soon—

HE'S FLYING INTO THE WINDOW
OF THAT APARTMENT BUILDING!
NOW WE KNOW WHERE THE
DOLL MAN LIVES! WE'LL
PAY HIM A VISIT WHEN HE
LEAST EXPECTS IT!



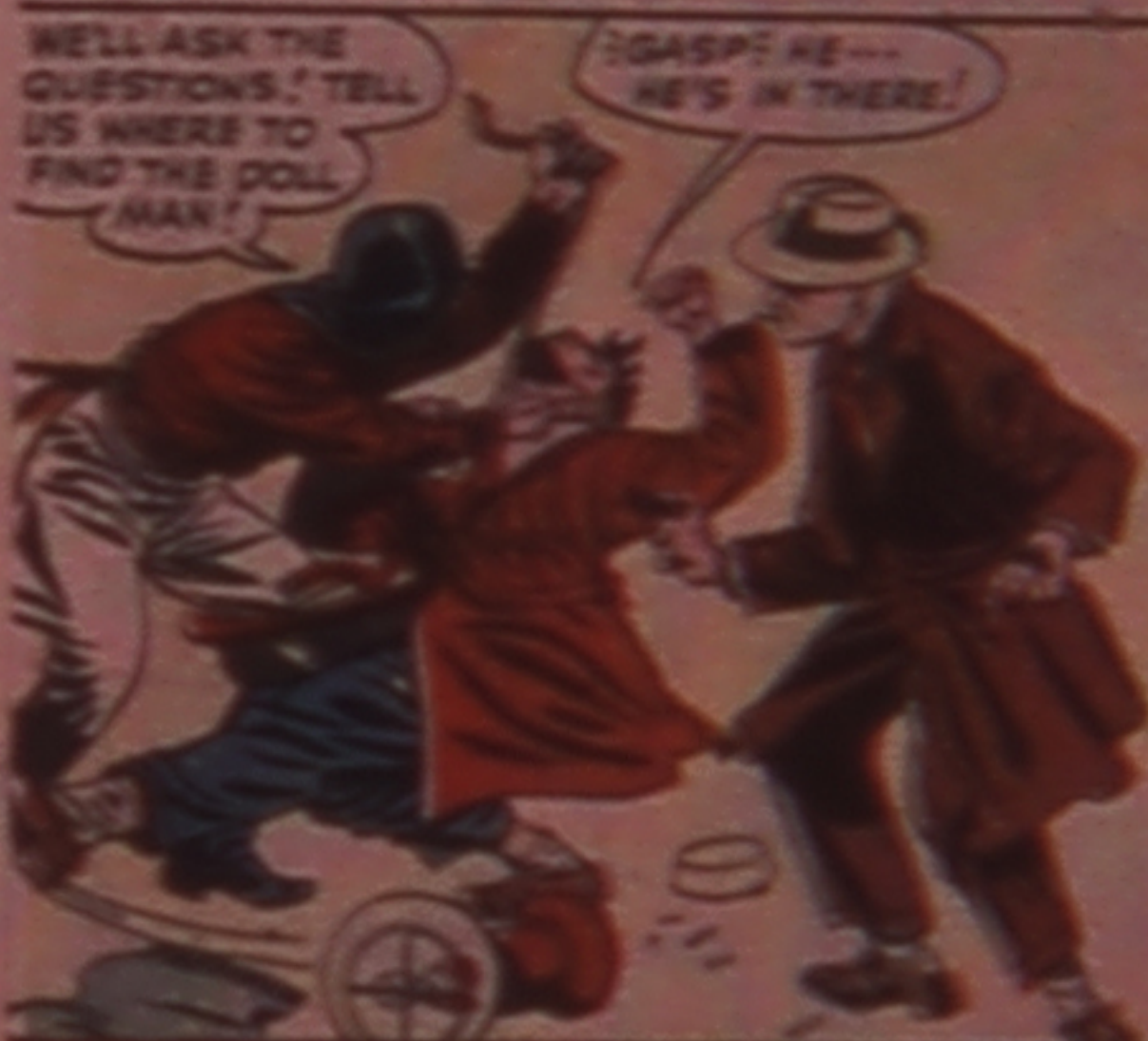
HE MAY BE A FRIEND OF THE DOLL MAN! IF HE IS, IT'LL BE TOO BAD FOR HIM!



Like a questing finger, the tiny noose searches for the key... and finds it...

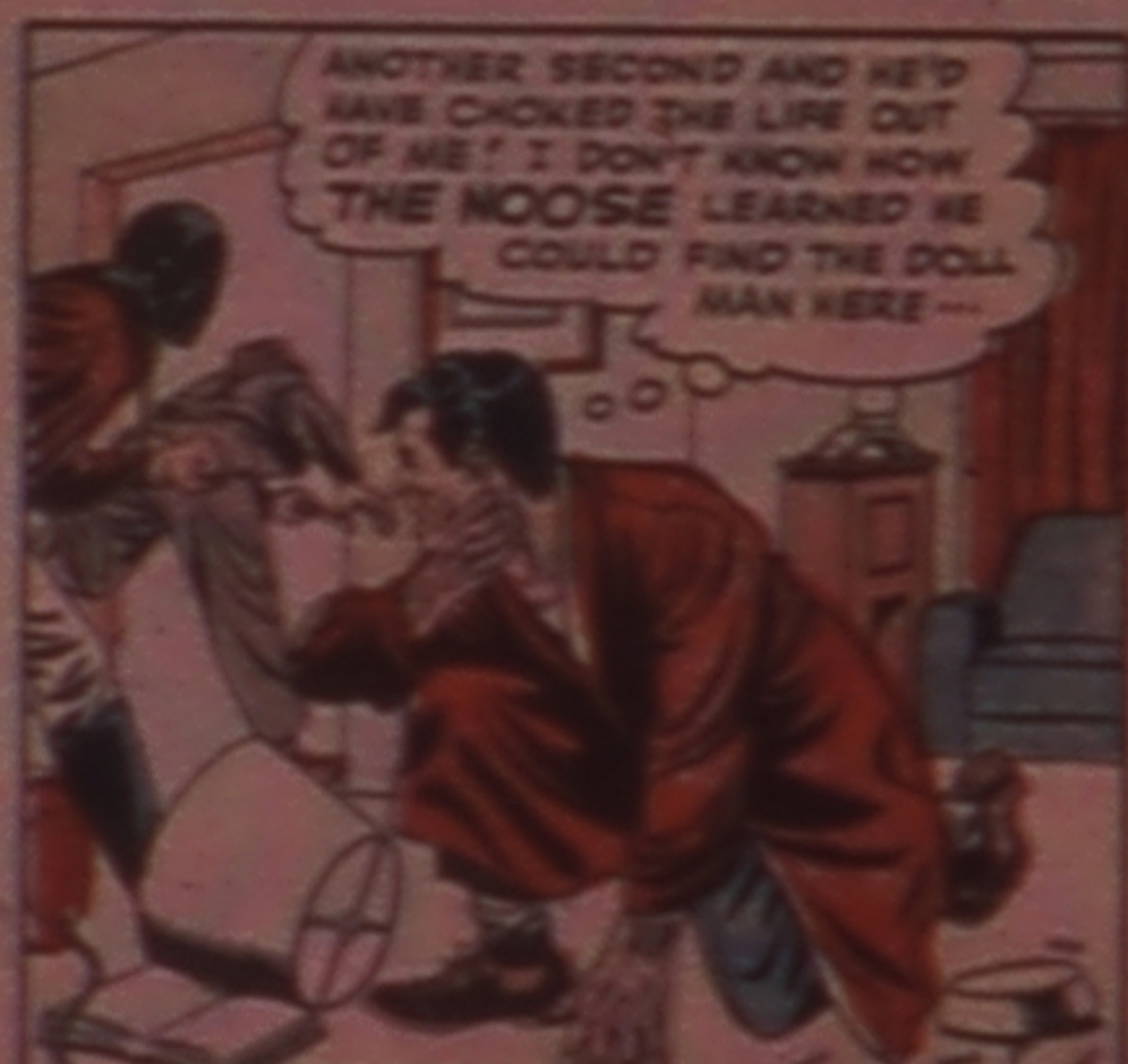
HE MUST BE DARREL DANE!

HOW DID YOU GET IN?



WE'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS! TELL US WHERE TO FIND THE DOLL MAN!

GASP! HE--- HE'S IN THERE!



ANOTHER SECOND AND HE'D HAVE CHOKED THE LIFE OUT OF ME! I DON'T KNOW HOW THE NOOSE LEARNED HE COULD FIND THE DOLL MAN HERE---



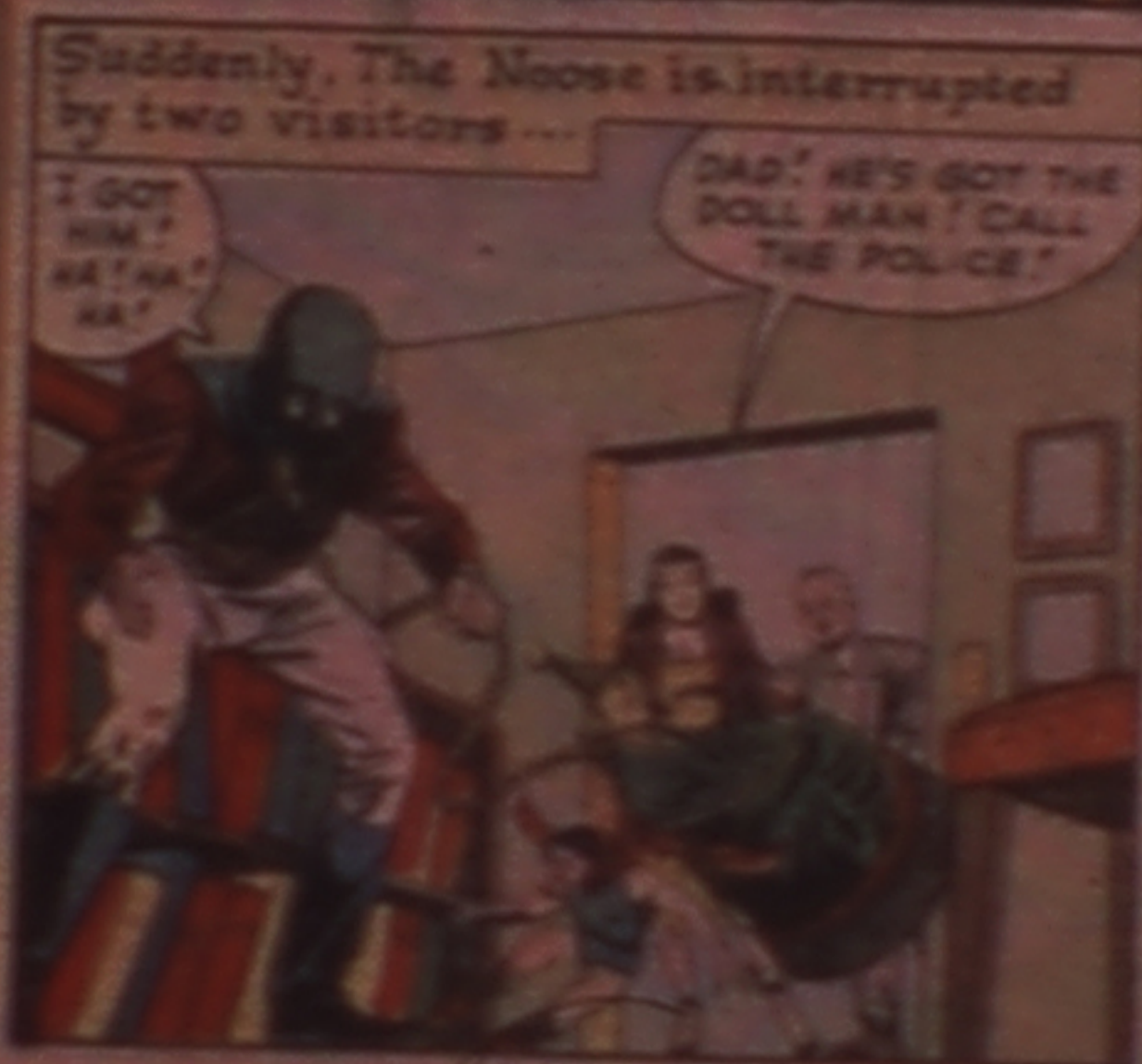
BUT I WON'T DISAPPOINT HIM!



I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE!

IT'S HIM!

Darrel Dane possesses unique will power to condense the molecules of his body, and so become the dynamic DOLL MAN!



Later, when The Doll Man shakes off the effects of THE NOOSE's attack --

WHAT? I'M INSIDE AN OVEN... AND THE GAS BURNERS ARE TURNED ON! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!



SOMETHING'S WRONG! I CAN'T BUDGE THE DOOR!

DOLL MAN!



CAN YOU HEAR ME? THE NOOSE TIED THE DOOR SHUT! HE WANTS THE GAS TO ASPHYXIATE YOU! BUT HE LEFT THE PILOT LIGHT BURNING ON THE STOVE!



THE NOOSE DOESN'T OVERLOOK ANYTHING! WHEN THE GAS FILLS THE ROOM, THE FLAME FROM THE PILOT LIGHT WILL EXPLODE IT! MARTHA AND I WILL BE KILLED IN THE BLAST, IF THE GAS DOESN'T GET US FIRST!



BUT THE NOOSE DIDN'T KNOW I'D RECOVER SO SOON! AND THAT MAY RUIN HIS SCHEME, PROVIDED I WORK FAST!



WHEW! MADE IT! NOW THAT THE PILOT LIGHT IS OUT, I CAN TURN DOWN THE GAS BURNERS WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!



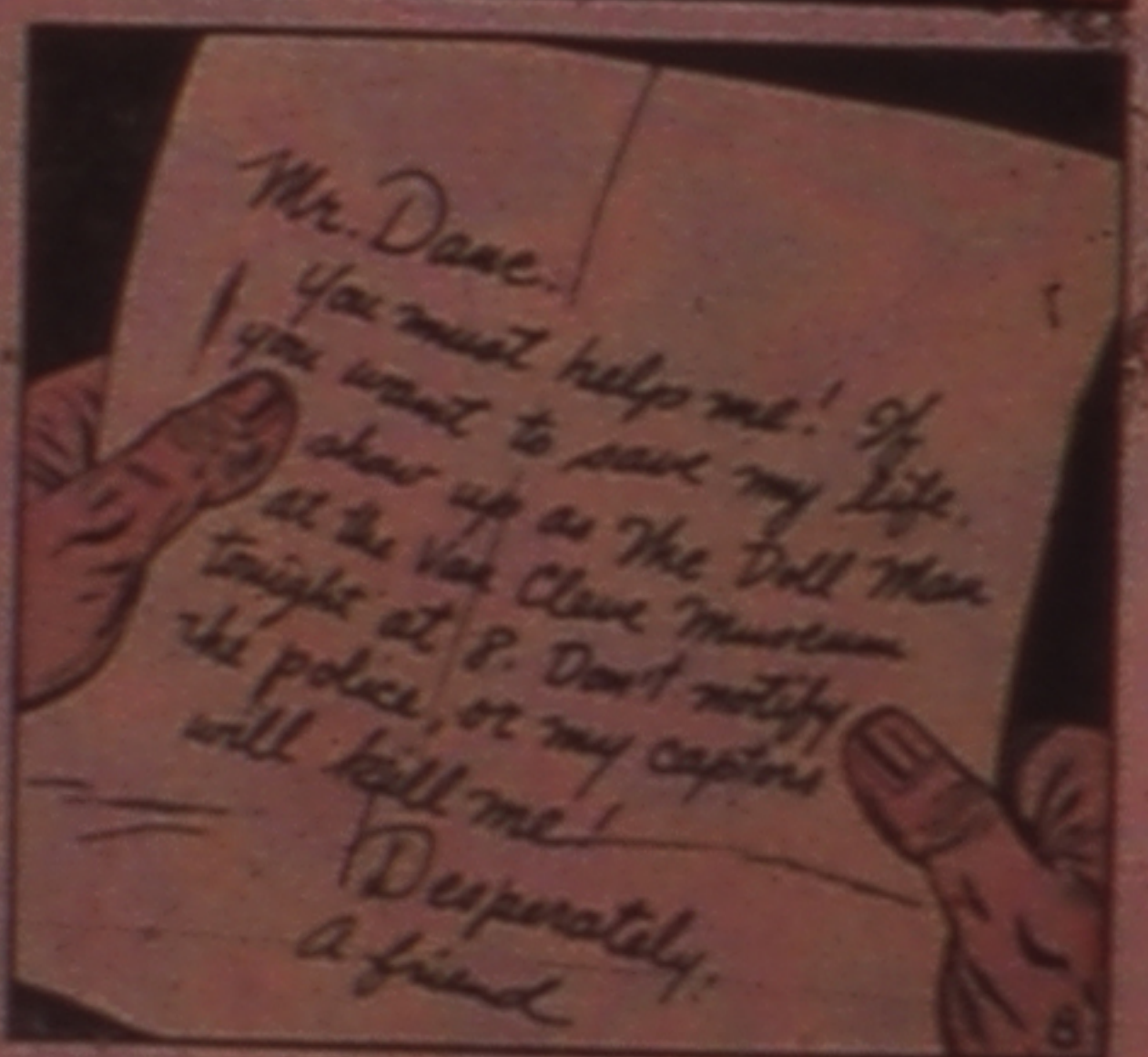
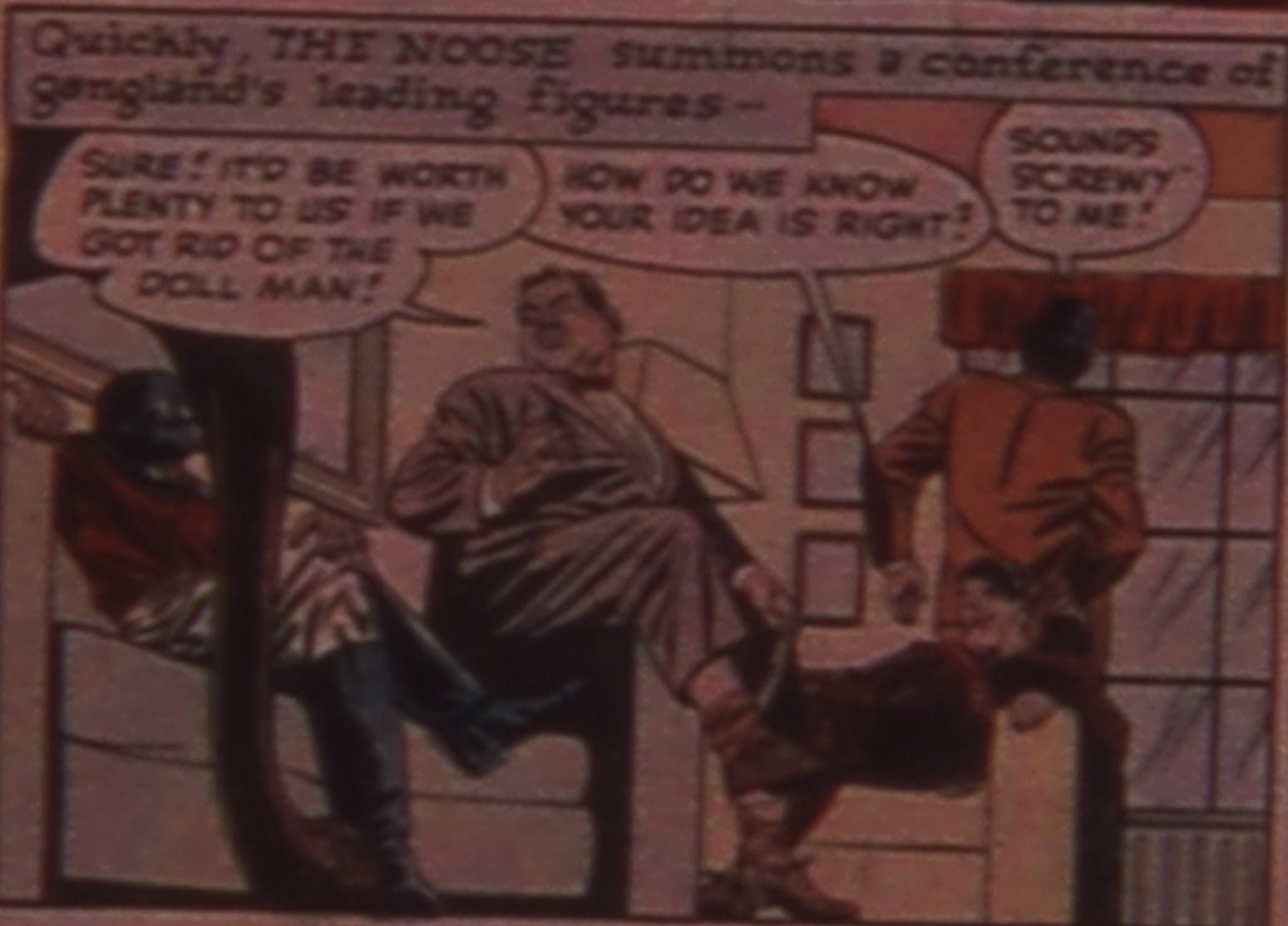
When Dr. Roberts returns with the police --

I--UH--HEARD THAT MY FRIEND DARREL DANE WAS THREATENED BY THE NOOSE! NATURALLY I HURRIED TO THE RESCUE--AND RAN STRAIGHT INTO A TRAP!

YOU WERE LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH YOUR LIFE, DOLL MAN!



DOLL MAN



IF I SHOW UP AS THE DOLL MAN, I'LL GIVE AWAY THE SECRET OF MY IDENTITY! BUT IF I DON'T— AND THIS NOTE ISN'T A FAKE— I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF!



I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW THE NOTE WRITER CAME TO SUSPECT I'M THE DOLL MAN! AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW TO LULL HIS SUSPICIONS!



WHY YES, MR. DANE! I'M SURE WE CAN SUPPLY JUST WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!

THANKS VERY MUCH!

CENTRAL CASTING OFFICE



That night, in the museum's prehistoric room—

DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH THE DOLL MAN IS COMING!

NO FEAR, GENTLEMEN! OUR TRIP WILL NOT BE WASTED!



THIS PREHISTORIC SKULL IS WORTH A FORTUNE! IT'S THE ONLY COMPLETE ONE OF ITS KIND!

WE'LL TAKE IT AS A SOUVENIR! ULP!

SORRY! BUT I CAN'T PERMIT YOU TO DO THAT!

THE DOLL MAN!









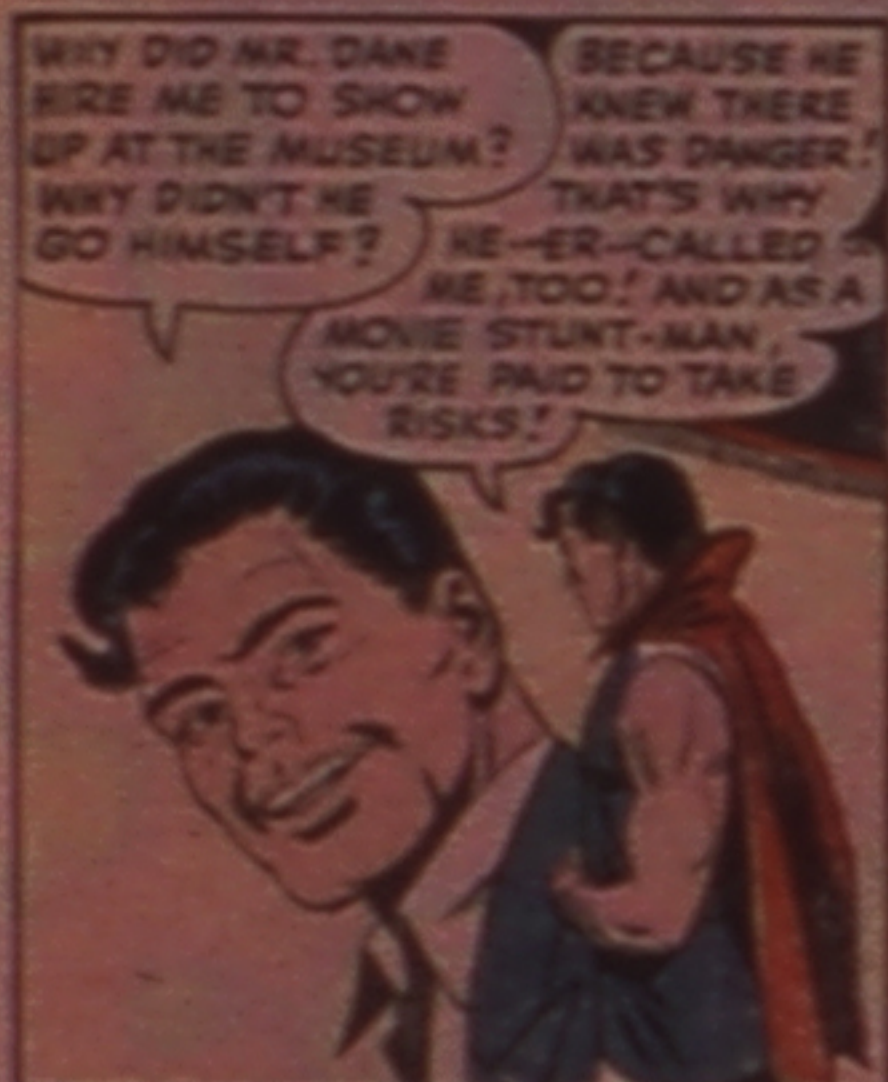




HE WAS
GOING
TO KILL
ME!



THOSE STAGE MAKE-
UP ARTISTS REALLY KNOW
THEIR BUSINESS! BUT
THERE IS ONE QUESTION
I'D LIKE TO ASK—



BECAUSE HE
KNEW THERE
WAS DANGER!
THAT'S WHY
HE—ER—CALLED
ME, TOO! AND AS A
MOVIE STUNT-MAN,
YOU'RE PAID TO TAKE
RISKS!



I HATE TO MAKE DARREL
DANE APPEAR A COWARD!
BUT THAT'S FAR EASIER
THAN LETTING THIS
FELLOW SUSPECT THE
REAL REASON WHY
DARREL DANE AND I
COULDN'T BE
PRESENT AT THE SAME
TIME!



THAT'S RIGHT,
MARTHA! THE
NOOSE DIED
BEFORE HE
COULD
REVEAL MY
SECRET! NOT
ANOTHER SOUL
SUSPECTS THAT
I...



ULP!



WHEW!
BUY ME A
DOLL MAN,
MAMA,
PLEASE!

TOYS

AMERICAN FLYER

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

WATCH 'EM PUFF SMOKE!

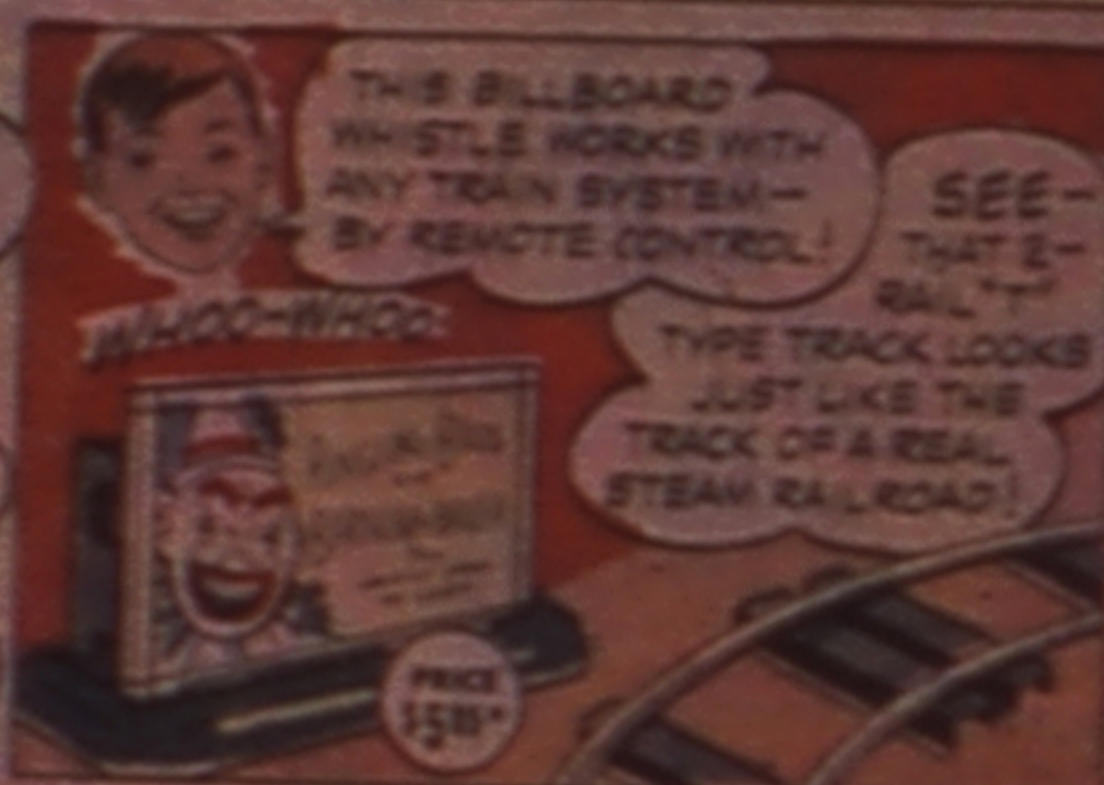
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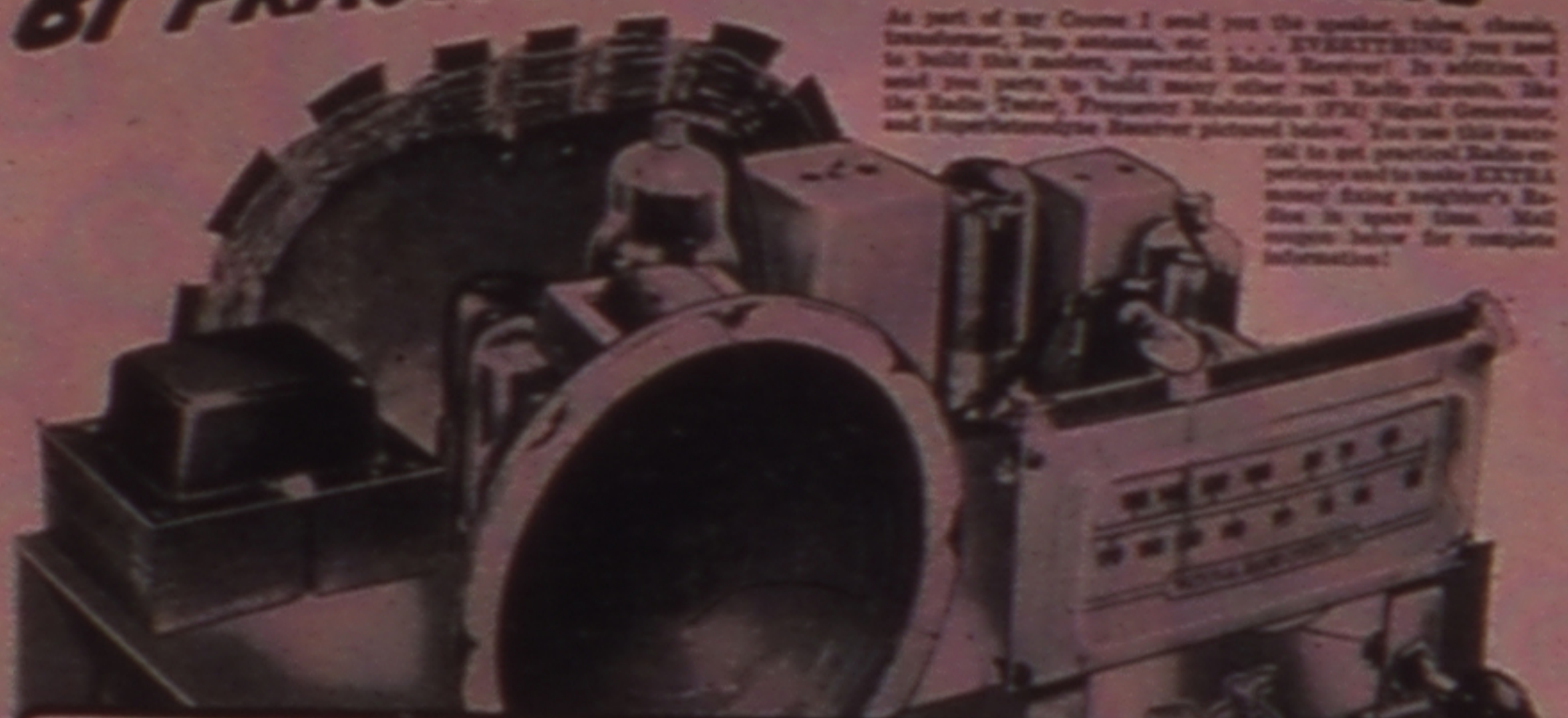
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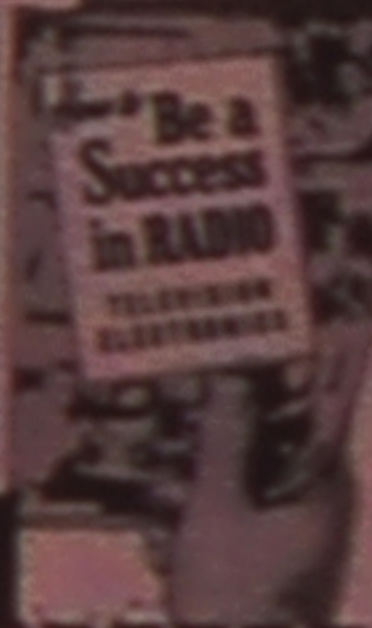
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